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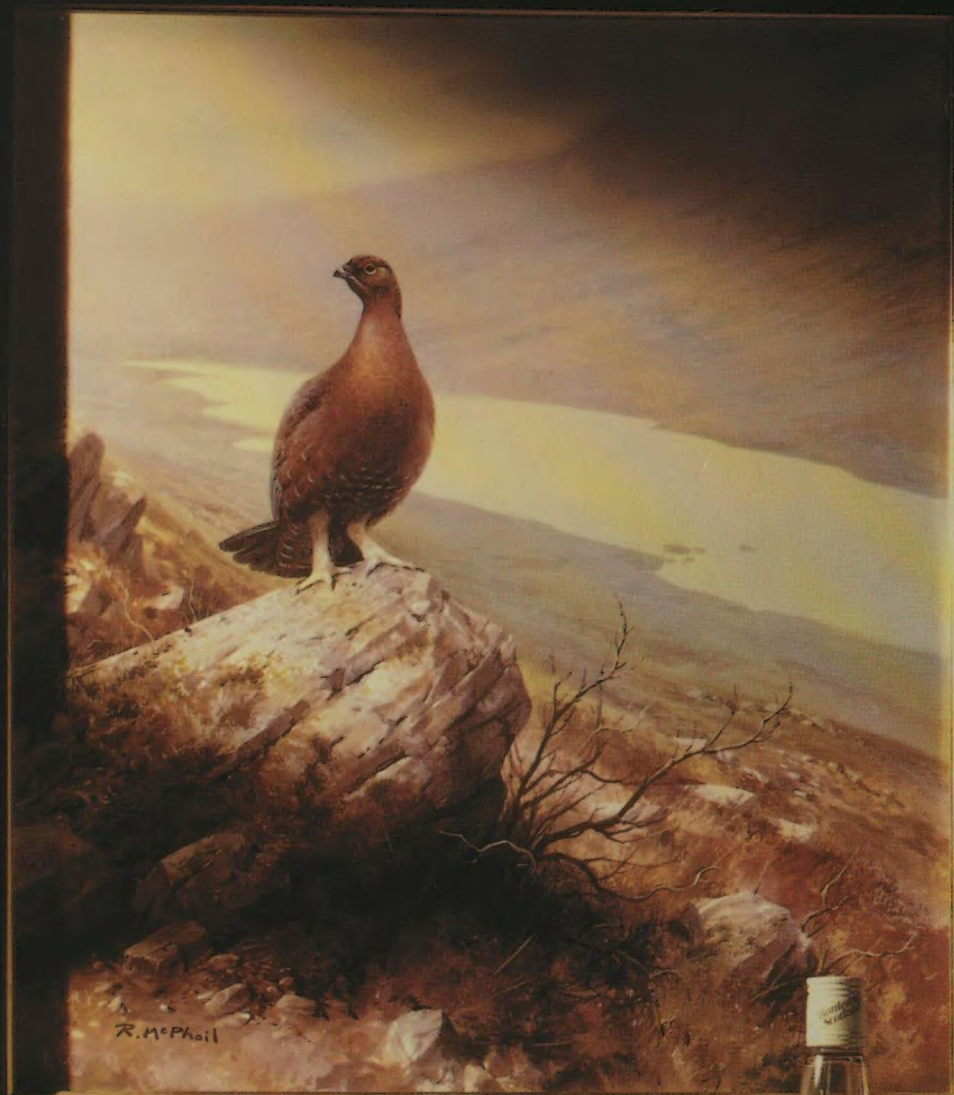
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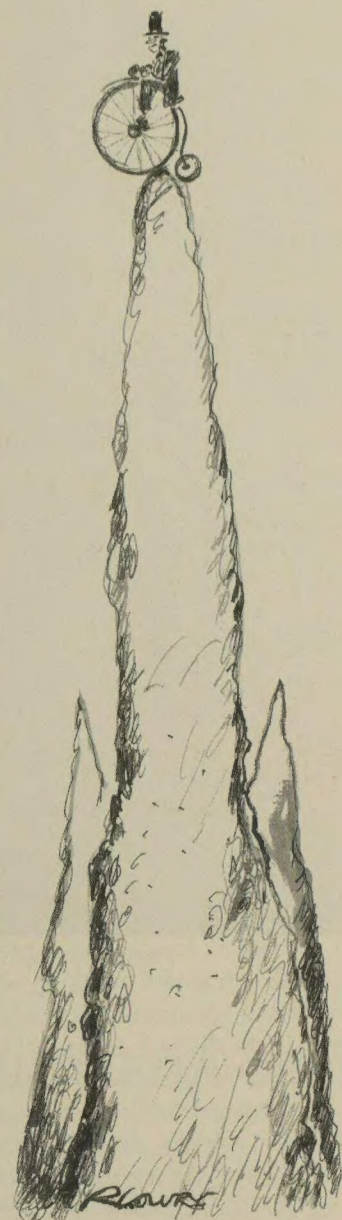
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COVER: Under the trees on the  
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## EDITOR'S LETTER

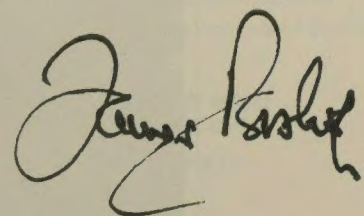
Recent weeks have seen a succession of natural disasters piled on top of the continuing man-made horrors to which we are having to become used. In Nepal, China, India, Bangladesh and in the American mid-West floods have killed thousands of people, destroyed homes and workplaces, wrecked crops and created havoc over huge areas. In Sarajevo and other towns in Bosnia, as well as in Somalia, Angola and other parts of the world, people fight and are all too visibly in desperate need of what we now call humanitarian aid which the world—as represented by the United Nations and the great powers that dominate it—is incapable of providing to any great effect.

The contrast is distressing. We have learnt to live with, or at any rate adapt to, natural disasters, and take what steps we can to avert them or to lessen their impact. Against the threat of floods we build dams, embankments and relief channels, but as the Mississippi floods (illustrated on pages 16–18) demonstrated again in July, exceptional rains over a wide area can create a crest of water high enough to breach all defences. There is nonetheless no difficulty in providing help to the afflicted, and the world is always quick to respond to such emergencies—perhaps quicker now than ever, thanks to the immediacy of television and press photography.

The situation is unhappily very different in the case of man-made disasters such as that now afflicting Bosnia. Here the world—again personified by the UN and the might of Nato—is totally frustrated. Pictures of the plight of five-year-old Irma Hadzimuratovic, apparently dying from shrapnel wounds and the lack of adequate medical facilities in a Sarajevo hospital, vividly portrayed the horrors of the civil war in former Yugoslavia. The shock broke down some of the barriers that had been paralysing action. Irma was flown to the Great Ormond Street Hospital in London, and a limited number of other sick and wounded followed. The rescue missions were prompted by the laudable public outcry at what was going on in Sarajevo, but they also highlighted the world's failure to rescue so many others. Since the siege of Sarajevo began more than 1,000 children have been killed and 10 times as many injured, and the number of adult casualties has been much greater.

The world's dilemma, moral as well as practical, is acute. To move out all the injured, even if possible, could promote the repugnant policy of ethnic cleansing. Humanitarian aid has so far been carried out by taking in food, medicine and other urgently needed supplies in convoys protected by a limited number of UN troops provided by Britain, Canada and France. Since the aid is needed by the weaker side (the Muslims), it has in practice had to be delivered with the tacit agreement of the stronger (the Serbs). The UN has thus had to play into Serbian hands, and this

situation will continue unless the UN is now prepared to put in enough ground troops to keep back the Serbs or there is an agreed peace. Neither condition seems imminent. Nato has declared its readiness to launch air strikes to stop the strangulation of Sarajevo and the obstruction of aid convoys, but the plans are so hedged about with provisos that they seem unlikely to prove effective. In any case air power cannot by itself keep mobile guerrillas at bay. But the threat may be enough to deter the Serbs and persuade all parties that now is the time to settle. It is the best for which the Bosnians, and the world, can hope.



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# NELSON'S COLUMN

## NO PLACE LIKE HOME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCY HANER



*Goldfinger's Trellick Tower in North Kensington. "Great view. The rest is all inconvenience."*

Ernö Goldfinger's claim to fame as one of the more intrepid modern architects rests partly on his readiness to inhabit, albeit briefly, his own dizzying creations. He once lived for all of two months on the top floor of one of his massive, brushed-concrete tower blocks, and let the world know that the experience was "exhilarating".

It was a brash promotional touch typical of the larger-than-life character who provided a hero for the Modern Movement in architecture, and who was reputedly the model for the eponymous global villain in Ian Fleming's James Bond story. But the real Goldfinger, who died in 1987 at the age of 85, appears to have been a suburban soul when it came to true home comforts. For the last 50 years of his life he resided at 2 Willow Road, Hampstead, a low-rise, brick-faced house (in a terrace of three he, personally, designed), only yards from the comforting terra firma of the Heath.

This house, with all its treasures—including works by Henry Moore and Marcel Duchamp—is being acquired by the National Trust for preservation as a museum. Almost £500,000 has

been raised for this worthy initiative as the result of a public appeal.

As yet no public appeal has been launched to better the grim condition of Goldfinger's high-rise blocks designed in the 1960s for the working-classes, though a stroll round their inner-city precincts quickly reveals a need for substantial expenditure. Looking up at the imaginative but minatory 30 storeys of his Trellick Tower, in North Kensington, it is easy to picture James Bond abseiling down to rescue a damsel in distress. But it is impossible to envisage Fleming's hero taking any lady back there for more leisured pursuits, past the graffiti and the garbage and through the neglected, wholly indefensible space.

Goldfinger's reputation, though still largely intact among connoisseurs of the Modern Movement, has to be considered as, at best, uncertain, among those obliged actually to occupy his more ambitious structures. His grandiose Odeon cinema at the Elephant and Castle proved too capacious for its own good and was pulled down in 1988. Its close neighbour, Alexander Fleming House, which some rate as Goldfinger's masterpiece, is now an empty, brooding presence, deserted by the civil servants who once worked there. It, too, could wind up as a pile of rubble before long.

But the residential blocks, most notably Balfron Tower in Poplar (completed in 1967), where Goldfinger had his "exhilarating" experience, and Trellick Tower (completed in 1972), seem built to last, though some might regret it.

"They are really lovely, aren't they?" observed Frances Clarke, director of the National Tower Blocks Network, poring over reproductions of Goldfinger's original drawings for Balfron and Trellick. "You can see why councils in the 1960s were so excited

to build them. Pity nobody really considered the awful problems for families living in them."

Clarke's outfit led the successful campaign for the demolition seven years ago of Ronan Point and is now concentrating its efforts on keeping young families out of tower blocks, with some limited success. Tower Hamlets Council says that it tries not to rehouse young families above the sixth floor in Balfron. But Kensington and Chelsea, with much scarcer housing resources, says that "unfortunately" it cannot afford to make this restriction at Trellick Tower.

Many of the families in both blocks are members of minority groups on low incomes with no other housing option. The largest and best-organised tenants' group in Trellick is Moroccan. Eileen McLean, a leader at an adventure playground that serves Trellick, said, "Very few mothers like it there, and the kids don't either. After they've said 'great view' that's it. The rest is all inconvenience."

It has been much worse. Patricia Williams came with her eight-year-old daughter to live on Trellick's 24th floor 10 years ago. In those days the lifts and entrance hall were routinely used as urinals by passing drunks, and the stair-wells were a Mecca for a floating population of drug-addicts. With other tenants she forced the council to make dramatic improvements in security. Balfron has benefited from similar measures; the welcoming sign over its main door reads: "This entrance is monitored by 24-hour video-recording equipment."

Some architectural purists find the new security apparatus distasteful, and indeed it does round out an Orwellian impression given by the whole enterprise. But it has undoubtedly made residents' lives more bearable and even, in some cases, delightful. "I really love Trellick now," said Ms Williams, "though it's some way from perfection."

One obvious eyesore, overlooked by the steeping balconies, is an open area, the size of a football pitch, strewn with all manner of noxious debris. I voiced the opinion that if anyone ever raised £500,000 for a Goldfinger Tower-Block Improvement Fund a more salubrious use for this space would be the priority.

But Patricia Williams was still inclined to think of safety first. "We've now got a 17-hour-a-day concierge service out of the council. With that kind of money the first thing I would do is make it 24."

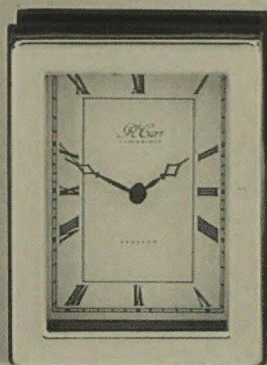
LEWIS CHESTER

*Goldfinger lived for 50 years in this Hampstead house, which the National Trust is now acquiring.*

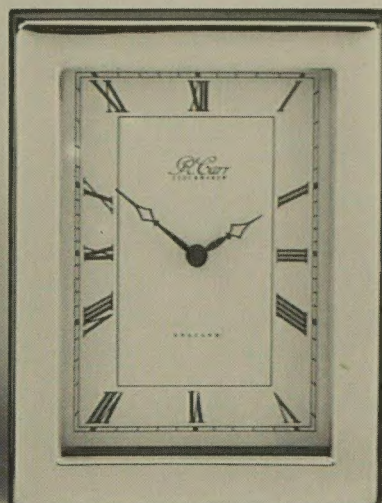




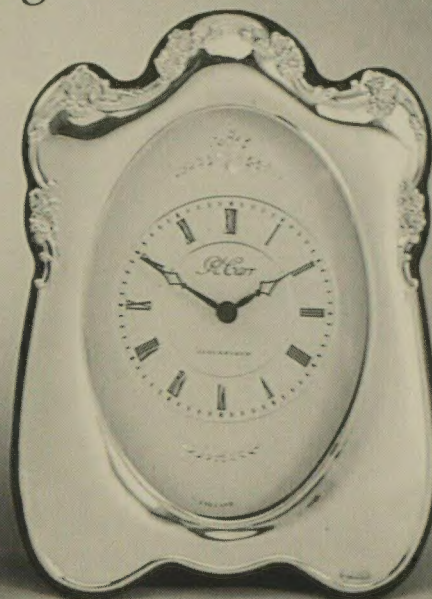
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# NELSON'S COLUMN

## TRIALS OF THE LORD MAYORS



*No stranger to bombs:  
In a scene that  
could have come from  
1940's Blitz, Sir  
Francis McWilliams,  
first citizen of  
London, pledges that  
the finance will  
still continue in spite  
of the terrorists.*

At noon on Michaelmas Day, September 29, the Common Crier of London will pronounce in a stern and commanding voice to the members of the livery companies assembled in Guildhall: "All those not liverymen to depart the hall on pain of imprisonment." Thus will begin the time-honoured ceremony for selecting the new first citizen of London, who will take office in November. This opening announcement indicates that for the City security problems are not novel.

But this year, for the first time, liverymen will have to produce an admission ticket. In the past entry was controlled by a line of wooden wicket gates; everyone entered by the gate bearing the name of the livery company to which he belonged. Each company had the task of checking its own members, but in recent years this became impractical. The new system is one of the ways in which the City is becoming more security minded. The IRA bomb on a Saturday in April caused an immense amount of damage. Perhaps today's terrorists are too young to remember how London reacted to wartime bombing, which promptly brought out the defiance that is part of the Londoners' character. The current Lord Mayor, Sir Francis McWilliams, standing amid the rubble in April, described his job as "keeping the financial heart of the nation beating." Ninety per cent of the businesses affected were back in action by Monday morning.

The new Lord Mayor, who will by present custom be the senior of all the aldermen who have not already

served as Lord Mayor, will succeed to an office that dates back to the 12th century. Two aldermen who have served as sheriffs are usually nominated, the first in line being elected and the second told: "Next year". Approval has then to be sought from the Queen, and on the Friday preceding the second Saturday in November the new Lord mayor will be sworn into office.

Like all his predecessors, the new Lord Mayor will start the year without any idea of what problems may arise. But it is improbable that he will be imprisoned in the Tower of London. Some of his predecessors were not so lucky. Lord Mayors who refused to sign the abolition of the monarchy were sent to the Tower by Oliver Cromwell. Brass Crosby, who took office as Lord Mayor in 1770, was sent to the Tower for defying the House of Commons. In defence of its privileges the House had ordered the arrest of the printer of the *Evening Post* who had reported on a debate in the House. A Commons messenger tried to arrest the printer on a Speaker's warrant, but as they were in the City the messenger himself was arrested and brought before Crosby as chief magistrate sitting with two aldermen. The bench ruled that the warrant was illegal, released the printer and bound over the messenger to answer at the next quarter sessions (the equivalent of today's crown court) a charge of assaulting a citizen of London. The King and the Commons were livid at the City's flouting of the House. The outcome was that the Lord Mayor,

despite a severe attack of gout, was imprisoned in the Tower until the end of the parliamentary session. As he walked out to freedom the Lord Mayor was greeted by a 21-gun salute by the Honourable Artillery Company and that night the City was *en fête* with illuminations.

The sound of Bow Bells may well have encouraged Dick Whittington (or Whytyngdone, as he wrote it), who was Lord Mayor in 1397, 1406 and 1419, to stay in London when earlier he had been down on his luck, but there appears to be no evidence of the pet cat, so loved by today's pantomime audiences.

An equally romantic story is that of Edward Osborne (1583). As an apprentice, he rescued the young daughter of an alderman after she had fallen into the Thames from the window of a house on London Bridge. In due course he married her and eventually became Lord Mayor.

Sir John Lawrence (1664) could not have foreseen the outbreak of the plague that was to claim more than 6,800 lives. He remained in London, when many others fled, and organised its defences. He made, and personally enforced, rules to combat the epidemic, but the disease followed its relentless course.

Sir Thomas Bludworth (1665) must have felt relieved to have missed the worst of the plague, though it was during his year of office that the whole City centre went up in flames. He failed to take the ruthless measures necessary to contain the fire.

On other occasions the Lord Mayor's response to disasters and disorder was immediate and pitiless. When Andrew Aubrey (1339) was assaulted in a riot the two ringleaders were promptly beheaded. Sir William Walworth (1381) was even more direct, stabbing Wat Tyler during the peasants' revolt of Kentishmen and then having him beheaded.

Lord Mayors have to carry out many routine functions, and even the most mundane of these can lead to trouble. Sir John Shorter (1687) followed the custom of stopping at Newgate gaol on his way to open Bartholomew Fair. As the traditional tankard of ale was passed up to him by the governor, the lid clattered and startled his horse. The Lord Mayor was thrown to the ground receiving fatal injuries. The tragedy provided for him the least sought-after privilege of Lord Mayors of London, that of being buried in St Paul's Cathedral if they die in office.

RICHARD THORPE





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# NELSON'S COLUMN ART-LOVERS' CHARITY



David Barrie is the latest director of the National Art Collections Fund, seen here outside the fund's new home in South Kensington. "We raise morale by telling curators there is help."

Holbein's *A Lady with a Squirrel and a Starling*. The fund contributed £250,000 to help the National Gallery to meet the £10 million total purchase price.

When David Barrie took over as director of the National Art Collections Fund last year a member of staff remarked nervously, "I suppose we can expect a bit of a rehang." The phrase delighted Barrie: "If that's so, I'd better make sure I hang 'em in a good light," he said with a grin.

Barrie, a great nephew of the writer J. M. Barrie, was previously the executive director of the Japan Festival and before that a diplomat. He is only the second full-time director of the venerable organisation.

The NACF was founded in 1903 by a group of wealthy collectors who wanted to make sure that if important works of art moved from private salons to public ones in Britain the means were available to help galleries and museums to acquire them.

Barrie's "rehang" at the NACF has indeed been drastic. He has cut the staff from 25 to 21 and changed half of those remaining. The organisation, which receives no public funding and is run as a private charity, currently has more than 36,000 members compared with 10,000 a decade ago. They enjoy free entry to a variety of art museums and galleries and reduced admission to exhibitions, as well as private views, concerts, lectures and study tours. Barrie is raising subscriptions in January by 66 per cent, from £15 to £25 and aims to double last year's £1.4 million worth of distributed grants.

He is setting up a string of professional NACF advisers around the country to hold the hands of curators and local fund volunteers and watch the provincial auction markets with

them. For the first time in its history the fund is also to have its own home. It has bought, for £800,000, the South Kensington house of the painter John Everett Millais, in Cromwell Place, and moves in at the end of the year.

The first major NACF-assisted acquisition hangs in the National Gallery. In 1909 Holbein's *Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan*, was under an American offer of £72,000 and the NACF had only a month to find the necessary funds. At the eleventh hour an anonymous "noble lady" member contributed the final £40,000 required. Since then the fund has assisted hundreds of museums and galleries with purchases.

But why, with the National Heritage Memorial Fund, founded in 1980 and funded by the Government, and the advent of the national lottery, is the NACF still needed? The reason, Barrie says, lies in the Government's refusal to restore public collections' ability to buy art with their own purchase funds which have been frozen since 1985 and are no longer even separately identified in the central grants of national museums which now receive a lump sum.

Last year's NACF star acquisition was another Holbein, *A Lady with a Squirrel and a Starling*, bought from the Cholmondeley Collection for £10 million, which the National Gallery could not have afforded without the fund's £250,000. Most recently, it was the NACF's £100,000 contribution that secured Gainsborough's £980,000 *Portrait of Peter Darnel Muilman, Charles Crockatt and William Keable* for the unusual shared possession of the Tate Gallery and Gainsborough's House museum in Sudbury, Suffolk.

"It is a familiar predicament which

was no different in 1903: major works of art cost money which museums and galleries can't think of raising themselves," says Barrie. "Too many collections' purchase grants are zero now and it is very dispiriting. Part of our job is to go round raising morale, telling curators that there is help."

The NACF is the only fund which will help to acquire all kinds of art—decorative and fine, ancient and modern, British and foreign—for all public collections. The NHMF is concerned with the *British* heritage, so only the NACF could have helped the Victoria & Albert Museum to buy a 19th-century German silver tureen by Karl Schinkel last year (price £28,371—£7,000 from the NACF).

The fund's board is still drawn from the art-bank periphery. The chairman, Sir Nicholas Goodison, is also chairman of the Trustee Savings Bank as well as an expert on antique clocks, and the treasurer is Rupert Hambro, the former chairman of Hambros Bank. In October members will enjoy special tours of Buckingham Palace. Royal art experts will act as guides, and apartments not available on the current public tour will be opened; this is thanks to the board membership of Sir Geoffrey de Bellaigue, who is the Director of the Royal Collection and Surveyor of the Queen's Works of Art.

Yet Barrie insists that the NACF is no longer a society clique whose main manifestation is through agreeable private-view cocktail parties in the shires. "People ask me why I'm spending so much in running the thing, and I say that to fulfil the role we undoubtedly have for the future, we have to spend now." He points to the series of exhibitions the fund puts on, and its year-old Waterstone's National Art Book Prize devised to encourage art writing for the general reader.

But at last June's annual general meeting members did indeed want to know why almost £500,000 had been spent on administration, and specifically about the £305,000 spent on the glossy publications, *The Art Quarterly* and the annual *Review*.

"It was the one discussion with any warmth," says Barrie, "but they quickly realised how important the magazines are in helping members to understand what they are contributing to and in retaining membership. And, as an important source of income for us is legacies, people need to be convinced and reminded that by leaving money to us they are perpetuating a vital public service."

SIMON TAIT





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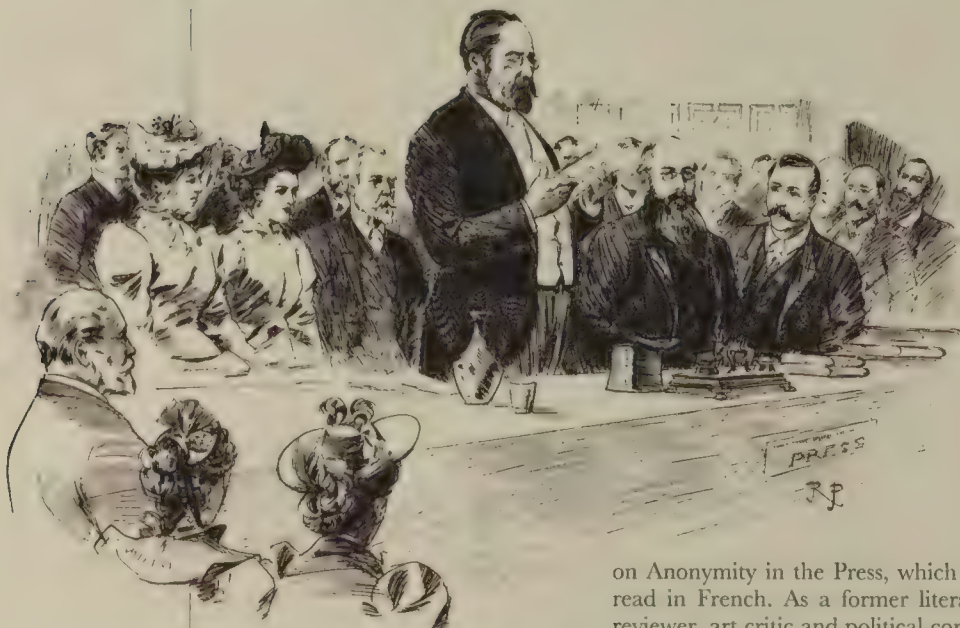






# NELSON'S COLUMN

## ZOLA IN LONDON



Emile Zola reads a paper at the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists; from the *ILN* in September, 1893.

In September, 1893, Emile Zola made his first visit to England, where his novels had been denounced in Parliament as "fit for swine" and their author accused of "wallowing in immorality". Despite this, he received a warm welcome, and the anniversary of his visit is being marked with an exhibition, lectures and films at the French Institute and a banquet at the Savoy Hotel.

Zola, then 53 and France's best-known writer, had achieved fame and fortune with his 20 novels portraying life under the Second Empire. His subjects—alcoholism, prostitution, industrial strife—and the realism of his writing often provoked controversy. He believed that an analysis of society in line with his Naturalist theories could lead to its reform.

As president of the Société des Gens de Lettres he was invited to London to address the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists. He hesitated to accept. Only four years earlier his English publisher, Henry Vizetelly, who had long been associated with *The Illustrated London News*, had been jailed for publishing "obscene" books such as Zola's *L'Assommoir* (*Drunkard*) and *Germinal*. Henry's son, Ernest, Zola's translator, reassured him; this visit could restore his reputation.

On September 20, 1893, Zola arrived with his wife and a dozen French journalists at Victoria station and was taken to the Savoy Hotel. He was fêted at every conference event: a dinner at the Crystal Palace, a reception at the Imperial Institute and another, given by the Lord Mayor, at the Guildhall, where the Zolas entered to a fanfare of trumpets. Lincoln's Inn was the setting for Zola's main speech,

on Anonymity in the Press, which he read in French. As a former literary reviewer, art critic and political correspondent, he maintained that the English practice of not signing political articles upheld the power of the press, but considered that authors of literary and drama criticism should be named. He also proposed that anonymous staff writers should receive pensions, "the bread of their old age". As always, Zola spoke up for the workers.

He went sightseeing—to Westminster Abbey, which he took for a Roman Catholic church, the National Gallery, the British Museum Library, which he considered better organised than the Bibliothèque Nationale, the French Hospital, Whitechapel almshouses and slum dwellings. As a young man Zola had known cold and hunger; he found the poverty in London not as dire as in Paris. Most of all he enjoyed the Thames at Westminster and Greenwich. Meanwhile the Press Club entertained him and the Athenaeum made him a temporary member. At a final dinner, held at the Authors' Club, he said he would never forget his "truly royal reception in this huge city of London, throbbing with life", and drank to "the good-fellowship of all authors in one universal republic of letters".

Zola travelled home hoping his books would arouse less antagonism in England and that this would aid his election to the Académie Française. However, his detractors soon renewed their attacks—the Bishop of Worcester called Zola a corrupter of minds and souls and the headmaster of Harrow School declared him "infamous"—and he never became a member of the Académie.

Five years later Zola crossed the Channel again, this time in flight. His

quest for justice in the Dreyfus Affair had prompted him to pen his famous open letter, *J'accuse*, which led to his prosecution for libel. By evading the one-year prison sentence he could keep the case open; here Ernest Vizetelly found him shelter. Under assumed names he spent 11 months in hotels and rented houses in Surrey and south London, visited in turn by his wife and his mistress, the latter accompanied by their two young children. He missed his home and his dog, and, apart from kippers, disliked English food, with its boiled potatoes and watery vegetables—"God sent us food, but the devil invented English cooks." As a break from writing, he bicycled around the countryside with his camera. In June, 1899, when news came of a re-trial for Dreyfus, he returned to Paris.

His photographs are on show at the French Institute, in South Kensington, where from September 20 to 27 there will be an international colloquium with lectures by leading academics. Film showings will include extracts from various screen adaptations of *Germinal*, his epic of the coal mines, filmed at least seven times since 1903. The Savoy is putting on a five-course banquet with dishes including *Fricandeau de veau à L'Assommoir* and *Chausson de pommes Nana*. Those invited include the French ambassador, Zola's grandson and two great-grandchildren, two Vizetellys and a descendant of Zola's English lawyer. A coach tour will follow his London route and visit the places where he spent his exile. A stage adaptation of *Thérèse Raquin* opens at the Young Vic on September 21. New translations of his works are due, as are a television adaptation of *Lourdes*, an opera by Michael Finnissy based on *Thérèse Raquin*, and a musical on Zola's life, by Dee Shipman and Petula Clark.

The moving spirit behind the celebrations is Chantal Morel, librarian at the French Institute and co-founder of the British Zola Society. Zola's appeal, she says, is in the modernity of his themes: "He's a colossal, late-19th-century writer, journalist and reformer, but he's relevant today. His books haven't dated." Long before writing *J'accuse*, Zola declared journalism to be "the most powerful lever I know", so it is fitting that the centenary programme should include a discussion on the role of the press in England and France and the extent of its political influence today. Entitled "Zola's Heritage", the subject is as topical in 1993 as it was in 1893.

ANNA LANDAU



# SHOD WITH CLASS



Man has been wearing shoes, it is believed, since palaeolithic times. They were probably simple leather wrap-rounds, moccasin-style, held together by some sort of leather lace. It is clear that some of the people of Mesopotamia wore a form of soft shoe of this kind in 1600BC, but it is not known when ancient Britons took up the practice. Shoe sizing may have begun here in 1305, when King Edward I ordered that an inch should be the measure of three barley-corns. Shoes then became very pointed and the classic English pattern, at least among men's shoes, did not develop until the 19th century.

One of the prime practitioners of the classic style is Church's, the company founded 120 years ago in Northampton. The three Church brothers—William, Alfred and Thomas—started small, bringing the traditional outworkers under one roof to harmonise production and, above all, to establish the highest control of quality, which has become the company's hallmark.

Visiting the factory at St James there, where the classic shoes are made, is like entering a time warp. The finest of leathers (mostly from France and Italy) are "clicked" —the industry's word for cutting—by hand. There is no visible new technology, unless you count an electric belt that carries bundles of leather to those who build up the shoes. Instead there are rows of small shaping, stitching and sticking machines handled by skilled operators whose apprenticeship takes five years and more (depending on the degree of craftsmanship required).

John Church, the company's present chairman, is looking towards the turn of the century in developing the business both internationally and at home. Above all, he is presiding over the development of new products (ties, luggage and other leather goods) and new styles in shoes.

This autumn the company launches Church's 2000, a new range designed to provide a more modern look than in the classic brogue. The shoe will continue to be made of best leather, but will incorporate cushioning materials now generally found in the best sports shoes. Church's is using Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie to promote the range in commercials to be broadcast on Classic FM. The prices of what the company describe as "shockingly good shoes" range from £119 to £139.

At the same time the company is launching another range called Masterclass, aimed at the top of the market. The shoes will have more sophisticated linings as well as individually finished soles, and will cost about £195. It can take up to 12 weeks to make a pair of Church's shoes, each undergoing some 250 processes. The time and care taken explain not only the price but the fact that in comfort and quality they are as near to a pair of wholly hand-made shoes as you will get from a factory.

*One of the various stages of making a shoe, during which the welt is sewn on and the soles and heels are attached.*



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## WINDOW ON THE WORLD

# FLOODS BRING HAVOC TO USA

FRANK SPORNER/TUJON; CDR ORRILL  
The waters of the great Mississippi, Missouri and Des Moines rivers and their tributaries in the American mid-West burst their banks in July, flooding about 50,000 square kilometres of surrounding land. Thirty people were killed and 10,000 forced from their homes. Damage to crops and property was estimated at more than \$10,000 million. The floods were caused by excep-

tionally heavy rain in Iowa and the neighbouring states in early July. Water in the tributaries rose rapidly, burst through levees to merge and form a crest of water that moved southwards at about 8 miles an hour. At times the crest was more than 30 feet high.

One of the worst-hit cities was Des Moines, capital of Iowa, where residents worked for days and nights filling sandbags, where



*The scale of the flooding can be judged from the contrast between the two satellite photographs of the area. The top picture shows its usual state, the one below shows the spread of the river waters. Right, the flooded Mississippi at Davenport, in Iowa. Below, residents watch the waters rising around their home while another house, in the bottom sequence of photographs, is progressively submerged and swept away.*









shops and offices were closed down and the water supply cut off. Local people had to queue for water, which was trucked in from outside and rationed, but did not lose their sense of humour: some suggested that the state's motto should be changed from "Iowa—A Place to Grow" to "Iowa—A Place to Row".

President Clinton cut short his holiday in Hawaii to visit the

flooded areas, subsequently asking Congress for an extra \$2,500 million in flood relief. Early warning of the rising tide of water was the factor that restricted the death toll, but it could not save many buildings, nor the crops. The Mississippi plains usually flood in spring, allowing farmers to plant on highly productive land when the waters have subsided. This year there will be no harvest.



DAVID KATZ



FRANK SPOONER/TRANSN

*All the plains of the Mississippi, Missouri and Des Moines rivers and their tributaries were affected by the crest of water that moved relentlessly and destructively southwards during July. Above, a bridge near St Louis begins to go under instead of above the river. Left, shopping by canoe inside a city store. Below, residents moving pets, family and belongings from the path of the rising flood waters near St Louis.*



SITIA L. SHELTON/COLORADO



*Dancer Bussell, here in Winter Dreams with Irek Mukhamedov, has developed to become the Royal Ballet's siren-in-residence.*



# LEAPING INTO THE LIMELIGHT

*AUDIENCES AROUND THE WORLD ARE THRILLING TO THE DEVELOPING ARTISTRY OF YOUNG BALLET DANCERS, WRITES JANN PARRY.*

"Ballet is the art of youth and beauty," decrees Oleg Vinogradov, artistic director of the Kirov Ballet. The maxim is neither new nor absolutely true, although attractive young dancers are vital to a company's image, particularly when, as is the case with the Kirov and the Bolshoi, established stars spend so much time guesting abroad. The term "baby ballerina" was coined in the 1930s as a publicity gimmick. Colonel de Basil's

Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo had few box-office names when it started, so de Basil signed up three Russian *émigré* youngsters: Irina Baronova, then aged 13, Tamara Toumanova, 14, and Tatiana Riabouchinska, 15. He was following the example of Sergei Diaghilev, who had recruited the English dancer Alicia Markova when she was just 14.

There have been plenty of prodigies since (although employment laws are

stricter now). The physical talent needed to become a top-class ballet dancer is evident early on—younger in girls than in boys, who need time to develop their strength. Artistry tends to come later, with experience, which is why ballet is not exclusively the prerogative of youth and beauty. One has to think only of Margot Fonteyn, Natalia Makarova and Yekaterina Maximova, all of whom continued into their 50s. But it is also









*Left, Larissa Lezhnina, a typical Kirov product, who has a thistledown lightness to her dancing. Birmingham Royal Ballet's principal dancer, Miyako Yoshida (in *Sleeping Beauty*, above), has an exhilarating, high-flying jump that adds brilliance to her serenity.*

true that all three were recognised in their teens as exceptional dancers, as were their male counterparts Rudolf Nureyev, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Vladimir Vasiliev.

The young stars of tomorrow are, therefore, easily recognisable today. Things can, and do, go wrong, of course; a dancer may suffer injury or a failure of nerve, though many I spoke to said that being laid off through injury early in their careers had strengthened their resolve. Then there is the danger of falling-out with the management; dancers this good, however, can usually find another company in which to shine.

Sylvie Guillem, for example, was made an *étoile* (the élite rank) of the Paris Opéra Ballet aged 19, having joined the *corps* at 16. After a row with Rudolf Nureyev, who was then in charge of the company, she stormed off to join Britain's Royal Ballet as its principal guest artist, aged 23. Now 27, she is an international star, guesting all over the world while retaining her Royal Ballet

contract. Her loss was a blow to the Paris Opéra Ballet and to France, with questions even asked in parliament about it. But her departure opened the way for other French dancers to come to the fore and set a challenge to the Royal Ballet's aspirant ballerinas. Chief among them, because she is similarly tall and bold, is Darcey Bussell, 23, as quintessentially English as Guillem is French.

Bussell was made the Royal Ballet's youngest principal at the age of 20, after the late Kenneth MacMillan chose her for his new ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas*. He had spotted her in Royal Ballet School performances (as had the critics) and wanted to use her innocence and formidable technique to show his heroine's passage to maturity. Refreshingly

healthy-looking for a dancer, she has a peachy bloom that softens the contours of her long limbs. She has developed from a sweet-natured *ingénue* into the Royal Ballet's siren-in-residence, cast in such seductive roles as the Black Queen in *Checkmate*, the easily-corrupted Manon, and the Hostess in *Les Biches*, as well as Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*. Bussell has not yet the wide dramatic range a great dancer needs, but she has the clarity and attack for modern ballets by George Balanchine, Kenneth MacMillan and William Forsythe. In the United States (where she has toured with the Royal Ballet and appeared in galas), her gutsiness and elegance are much admired. Her career, though, has not been entirely plain sailing.

Cast, amid a blaze of publicity, to appear in MacMillan's *Manon* with Irek Mukhamedov (the former Bolshoi star now with the Royal Ballet), Bussell was withdrawn by the choreographer at the last moment. "The ballet was made for a taller man and a much smaller





woman," she explains. "It was apparent by the dress rehearsal that things weren't working." Her breezy reasonableness barely disguises her hurt and a steely resolve. "I'll never let myself be put in that situation again—it was such a blow to my confidence. I recovered only when I finally did the role with Zoltan [Solymosi, the Hungarian who is her most frequent partner]."

Kenneth MacMillan also brought a young Spanish dancer, Monica Zamora, into the spotlight, when he chose her in 1992 as his last Juliet. Still only 18, she joined the Birmingham Royal Ballet as MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet* was about to enter its repertoire. She was only a member of the *corps de ballet*, but her presence on stage was, and is, unmissable. She has huge, dark eyes in a dramatic face, long limbs and luscious curves. Complementing her natural gifts is an impressive technique.

She comes from a small Basque town in northern Spain. When she won the Prix de Lausanne, at 16, she chose to

*Above, Tetsuya Kumakawa, in Birmingham Royal Ballet's Don Quixote. His desire to outdo himself acts as a spur to his more staid British companions. Right, Nadezhda Gracheva, of the Bolshoi Ballet (seen here with Yuri Klevtsov), has a glittering presence.*

study at the Royal Ballet School, in London, as her prize. It came as no surprise, except to her, when she was taken into the Birmingham Royal Ballet company and given the chance to understudy Juliet. Her chance came when principal ballerina Miyako Yoshida was injured and Zamora was announced as her replacement. But just as critics were about to hail her as MacMillan's new star, she injured herself in mid-performance.

Like Bussell, Zamora needed considerable reserves of character to overcome such a public disappointment. Then she injured herself again during another ballet. "After that I thought, 'I will never dance again'," she said. "But then I decided 'No way; I am going to come back. Leaving home and all those things

has to be worth it.' I had time to think and it has made me much stronger mentally." Her long-awaited London debut as Juliet confirmed all expectations. It was a remarkably assured and individual account, showing Juliet as a grave young woman who can scarcely believe what is happening to her. Peter Wright, Birmingham Royal Ballet's artistic director, is nurturing her development, hoping to prevent her becoming the latest sensation only to be dropped, like so many others, when she is no longer a novelty. Nevertheless, her vivid face appears on all the company's publicity material.

Birmingham Royal Ballet's longer-established ballerina, Miyako Yoshida, 27, is now making a name for herself outside Britain and her homeland, Japan. She began her training in Tokyo, and then, like Zamora, won the Prix de Lausanne and a scholarship to the Royal Ballet School. Wright secured her for his company, where she dances all the leading classical roles as well as new choreography. The serenity at the heart of her dancing is both intriguing and reassuring, as though she knows the secret of each role and chooses to reveal it bit by bit. Yet she can move at great speed, with an exhilarating, high-flying jump that adds brilliance to her reserve.

In 1989 she was awarded the Japanese Global Prize for the impact she had made on audiences in Europe. Then she hurt her back and had to stop dancing for eight months. She went home to Tokyo and wondered, briefly, whether to give up the struggle of living and dancing in another country. But, she says, "I'd had to work so hard to compete with Western dancers, who have a much longer classical line and more expressive way of dancing, that I didn't want to give in."

She returned in time to appear as a guest in the new production of *Don Quixote* at Covent Garden, partnered by the Royal Ballet's young Japanese firecracker, Tetsuya Kumakawa. "There was no time for full stage rehearsals, so all I had were try-outs in the studio with Teddy [Kumakawa's English nickname] and other principals. But it was fine because all the company was very supportive," she says, with typical modesty.

The acclaim for their sparkling performance recalled the wild enthusiasm at Fonteyn and Nureyev's curtain-calls. The audience loved the way the Japanese pair complemented each other—Kumakawa taking everyone's breath away, while Yoshida, unruffled and feminine, effortlessly stole his thunder.

Kumakawa's leaps provoke disbelieving laughter, as do his turns—he spins so fast and for so long that he seems to drill









PAUL KOENIG/NEW YORK CITY BALLET

a hole into the stage. Purists tend to sniff at the flashiness of his feats, but his eagerness to outdo himself is a spur to his more staid British companions. He is, after all, only 21. He has time to calm down and to improve, with experience, as a partner. He does not want to be confined to the limited range of roles that await the small, virtuoso male dancer: the Bluebird in *The Sleeping Beauty*, the Golden Idol in *La Bayadère*, and assorted imps and jesters. He is just tall enough, at 5 feet 8 inches, to emulate Mikhail Baryshnikov and Julio Bocca and seek an international career as a leading dancer, should he decide to leave the Royal Ballet.

There is no league table of top-ranking ballet companies because there are no points to be scored. However, high on anyone's list of favourites must be the Paris Opéra Ballet, which seems to produce an endless stream of highly gifted (and finely trained) young dancers, ready to replace those who leave, for whatever reason.

Agnès Letestu, at 22, is being brought on rather more slowly than was Sylvie Guillem, in spite of winning the coveted Gold Medal at the Varna International Competition. She is not yet a principal, although she is much talked about as a future *étoile*. Nureyev chose her to be the rajah's daughter, Gamzatti, in his production of *La Bayadère* at the Opéra, shortly before he died. Visiting

*A product of the New York City Ballet, Ethan Stiefel generates much press and public excitement with virtuoso performances.*

choreographers have picked her for important roles—Roland Petit for a revival of his *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, Jerome Robbins for *Glass Pieces* and William Forsythe for *In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated*.

Lean, very tall and long-limbed, Letestu is a great favourite of the public and the media; less so, it seems, of the management, for she has only recently danced her first Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*, in Florence rather than Paris. But she is probably safer establishing her reputation gradually, rather than being hailed as a second Guillem.

No such fears for Nicolas Le Riche, who was promoted to principal dancer of the Paris Opéra Ballet shortly before his 20th birthday. He is tall, dark and dashing, very much the Beau Gosse of Bronislava Nijinska's 1920s beach ballet, *Le Train Bleu*. It was "re-created" for the Opéra Ballet in 1992. With Le Riche in the acrobatic role originally made for Anton Dolin, it was easy to understand what the fuss over this chic but ephemeral ballet had been about.

Le Riche was spectacular as the Golden Idol in Nureyev's *La Bayadère*, and was then invited to dance the ballet's leading male role, Solor, with the Bolshoi in Moscow. He has been chosen as a partner by several of Paris Opéra

Ballet's senior ballerinas. Rising behind him is Jean-Guillaume Bart. He has been spotted by Parisian *cognoscenti*, who regard him as another Baryshnikov and a talent to watch.

Russian companies know how hard it is to produce another Nureyev or Baryshnikov. They do not happen very often, and the west is luring promising talent away with lucrative contracts. The Kirov's Igor Zelensky has been dancing in Berlin and New York, the Bolshoi's Yuri Posokhov has joined the Royal Danish Ballet (and guested with the Kirov during its latest London season). Both dancers are technically brilliant but still in transition between two different theatrical conventions: they no longer seem at ease with the heroic Russian style of dancing and acting, but have not yet developed the versatility that Western companies require.

Zelensky, for example, has found it harder to adapt to New York City Ballet's Balanchine repertoire than has Nikolaj Hübbe, the 24-year-old Dane who joined the company at the same time. New York City Ballet has drawn many of its finest male dancers from Denmark (including its artistic director, Peter Martins). Hübbe is the latest recruit, possessing the springy jump and virile, confident charm that are typical of the Royal Danish Ballet with its background of the work of Auguste Bournonville, Denmark's greatest choreographer.



# LA PASSION

NINA KAPTSOVA

*Ballet dancer*



Switzerland stands at a vital crossroads of international exchange of ideas, of ideals. What finer example than the "New Names" concert given in the United Nations "Palais des Nations" in Geneva in the summer of 1993?

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ROBBIE JACK

Hübbe was the star of his home company's Bournonville Festival in 1992. The old Bournonville ballets are very much alive because succeeding generations dance them with love and understanding. Hübbe's interpretations were remarkable for their intelligence because, he said, "I understand how this man would feel now, what his problems would be now, as well as dancing steps I've done ever since I was a boy."

His teachers said that he had been famously unruly in class but they had not wanted to tame his exuberance too soon. They regretted his departure for New York just as he reached his peak as a Bournonville dancer, but they have a young American, Lloyd Riggins, to replace him—an unusual exchange for a company that has only recently begun to accept foreigners.

New York City Ballet has, temporarily at least, lost one of its hottest talents to Europe. Ethan Stiefel left, aged 19, to dance with the Zurich Ballet, after generating much press and public excitement with his virtuoso performances. He says that he models himself on Baryshnikov, "a little guy who dances so big. Other men dance as big as they are, Misha dances bigger than he is." He is obviously impatient for experience, although he denies that he left New York City Ballet because he was not being promoted fast enough. He says that he wanted the chance to dance

*Yulia Makhalina, with Konstantin Zaklinsky in Adagio—physically polished but as hard as onyx, she now leads the Kirov company.*

ballets by European choreographers, such as Jiri Kylian, but that he would like to return to the New York company.

Amid all this coming and going, the Russians are trying hard to hang on to their youngest generation of ballerinas, while allowing the better-established ones to guest abroad. Yuri Grigorovich, artistic director of the Bolshoi, is pushing two young women hard: Nadezhda Gracheva (the protégée of former ballerina Galina Ulanova) and Galina Stepanenko, whose hardness is being softened into lyricism by another coach in her 80s, Marina Semyonova.

Both dancers and their coaches were in evidence during the Bolshoi's London season earlier this year, vying for roles and critical acclaim. Gracheva has the purer classical technique and a glittering presence, although the ballet extracts they both danced at the Albert Hall hardly showed them off as interpreters. Unlike the Bolshoi's more experienced Nina Ananiashvili, who guests frequently abroad, they have had little chance to test themselves in contemporary western choreography.

At the Kirov, Oleg Vinogradov has brought in a much wider range of choreography to challenge his dancers. Very much the favourite is Yulia

Makhalina, 24, who spent a season with Peter Schaufuss's Berlin Ballet but who now leads the Kirov (in the absence of Altynai Asylmuratova, who has just had a baby). Makhalina is beautiful, physically polished but as hard as onyx; there seems no chink of vulnerability through which she might change and grow as a dance-actress.

She radiates a sulky glamour and enjoys all the privileges of a prima ballerina. One Russian newspaper called her the richest woman in St Petersburg. She fears no rivals, although her mannered style has attracted criticism. Larissa Lezhnina, also 24, is a more typical Kirov product, with a thistledown lightness to her dancing and finely-arched feet. She is pale and pretty, with a single dimple and frank blue eyes.

So far her leading roles have been confined to Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*, Clara in *The Nutcracker*, Juliet and, just once, Swanilda in *Coppélia*. Yet visiting American choreographers have chosen her to dance in the Balanchine and Antony Tudor works that the company now performs, and she longs to expand her repertoire. Perhaps because she is small, her filigree delicacy seems less valued than the expansive qualities of taller dancers. She panics, that time might be running out. If Vinogradov, believer in youth and beauty, will not give her the roles, she might have to take her career into her own hands □



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# I'LL TAKE PARIS

In the capital of its oldest ally, France, the United States has as its ambassador a well-connected internationalist. But for the ambassador herself, Mrs Pamela Harriman, the post is recognition that she has arrived in her own right, not as the consort of a man of fame—a role that she skilfully filled through five decades. The appointment also means that she has come full circle in her life: Paris was the city she charmed in the 1950s.

Fluent in French, exquisitely groomed, supported by a large, expert staff and made independent by the fortune left to her by her late husband, Averell Harriman (once an ambassador at large for the United States who had held important wartime posts in Britain and the Soviet Union), she will run her own show. It is the high point of an enviable life among the famous.

Pamela, daughter of the 11th Lord Digby, was born at Minterne Magna, in Dorset, now the seat of her brother, the present Lord Digby, on March 20, 1920. She grew up plump, red-haired and horsy, and even when presented at court in 1938 felt like a country mouse among the London sophisticates of the day. Yet she managed to marry in 1939 one of Britain's most eligible bachelors, Randolph Churchill, and to captivate his famous father Winston. When Churchill became wartime prime minister, the now pregnant Pamela shared the basement air-raid shelter at Number 10. Her son Winston S. Churchill, MP, was born at Chequers, the premier's country residence, on October 10, 1940.

By 1942 the Americanisation of Pamela had begun. She had a flat in Grosvenor Square, and numbered among her friends General Eisenhower, Irving Berlin, Clark Gable and the two men who would influence her most: President Roosevelt's special representative in Britain, Averell Harriman, and the broadcaster Ed Murrow, both highly respected household names in America. With the encouragement of her father-in-law, Pamela acted as a kind of social intermediary between him and Harriman. As such she was, perhaps, developing the listening skills that would become her hallmark. But these exciting times and the strains of war took their toll on the marriage. She explained: "When Randolph came back from the Middle East we both realised we'd made

## THE LIFE OF PAMELA HARRIMAN HAS TURNED FULL CIRCLE ON HER RETURN TO FRANCE AS U.S. AMBASSADOR, WRITES JOY BILLINGTON.

a mistake." The marriage was dissolved in 1946.

When the war ended she had been won over to the liberal Democrat thinking of Harriman and Murrow. She worked at London's *Evening Standard* under the eye of the first Lord Beaverbrook, its proprietor, who was her son's godfather. Her speciality was interviewing the famous people she met at Churchill's dinner-table. Then, at 27, saddened after the return of both Harriman, who had briefly been ambassador in London before becoming secretary of state for commerce in 1946, and Murrow to America, she went to Paris.

"I hadn't played at all. I'd gone straight from school into war and marriage," she has said. "Also I realised that I'd never be a first-class writer and would be used, sent on interviews, because of the Churchill name. My problem in getting my act together was that I didn't know what I wanted to be. There were so many doors open. Who knows, I might have been equally happy married to a wonderful man, having 10 children and never moving away from Dorset? Life is a matter of luck, and I've had so much luck."

She found Paris "brittle but very bright. I was a novelty to them. Being a woman alone I wasn't regarded as a foreigner, and I spoke French as easily as English, so they kind of took me into their set." At the time an American friend told her: "You were too much adored at too young an age."

A succession of men of great means and erudition followed: Elie de Rothschild, Gianni Agnelli, Aly Khan. She learned about 18th-century furniture and about art, and maintained an establishment in the French capital so elegant that her visiting father once observed in wonder: "Isn't it marvellous how clever

my daughter is to manage on her tiny allowance!"

At her salon you could meet Roland Petit, Jean Cocteau and other stellar names. She even paid attention to a junior diplomat at the United States embassy. He told his wife: "She doesn't interest me sexually, but she makes one feel so wonderful, like a king." Yet Pamela has never been particularly witty, never heartbreakingly lovely, even in her heyday. "Perhaps it's her loyalty to men, the attention she gives them. That's more potent than sex," muses the diplomat's wife. "She was very pretty, very luscious, very attentive to the men who were her mentors," says another observer of Pamela in those days.

It was on a visit to New York in the late 1950s that she met the producer and Hollywood agent Leland Hayward for the second time and they fell instantly in love. Thus her Paris decade ended, and her New York period began. She had longed to marry again, and now she did. Hayward's world of the theatre quickly became her world too, and remained so until his death in 1971.

With her marriage to Averell Harriman, whose wife Marie had died in the same year as Hayward and with whom Pamela had always remained in touch, her latest facet began to reveal itself. It started with Harriman easing her in, and advanced into a political action committee which became the mainstay of the out-of-office Democrats. With the Harriman money behind her, she began to move out of her consort mode and into her own sphere of political influence. She learned Democrat-speak as easily as she had once learned French. She even dredged up from her second incarnation the cadences of Churchillian oratory, which sounded somewhat bizarre in the Washington of the 1970s.

Her son seems puzzled at her ability to shrug off one skin and emerge, after a short hibernation, in an equally glittering one. But that has always been her most magical trick, the one that fascinated a long list of men. While failing to understand how she did it, they succumbed to her charm. Women assume it owes less to magic than to good acting, but remain perplexed about her success with men. Her attributes are, in fact, most un-American—she glides in and out of political society mysteriously,





in contrast to the frankness of the born-American woman. She is the ultimate insider, in a world where most other women are outsiders. After 20 years as an American citizen her attitudes, like the roundedness of her American accent, seem acquired rather than instinctive. No matter. For Ambassador Harriman has been dipped lightly in the melting-pot and has come out to all intents and purposes an American. And Americans speak with many different accents and have their roots in many countries. But, unlike the peasant heritage that is one of America's common denominators and strengths, Pamela's background is one of aristocratic English stock and she has led a life of privilege. That is why her present role—the performance of a lifetime?—is so fascinating.

Winston explains: "I think it's that she is the best possible wife anyone could have because she espouses wholeheartedly her husband's causes. When it was Leland, it was Broadway and the theatre, and she loved that and rejoiced in it. With Averell it was the political world."

For 20 years her life-style has been very grand, with several houses, including a handsome mansion in the elegant Washington district of Georgetown, where the Impressionists on the walls were silent observers of Democrat strategy sessions and agony discussions during the years when the Republicans were occupying the White House, just a mile down the road.

Harriman's death in 1986 left her with at least \$75 million and a friend-

ship with an Arkansas politician named Bill Clinton, whom she had encouraged in his career. The appointment as ambassador to France followed his election as President. After years of speculation about what Pamela wanted, it became clear. She wanted to return to the scene of her most glittering success, when she was the toast of Paris society. It was four decades on, and many of her old set were long gone. A new generation was in power.

But now she comes on her own, without mentors, lovers or husbands. At 73, with a persona and a polish rarely seen in the Europe of the 1990s, Ambassador Harriman emerges like a dazzling butterfly. This time she is nobody's consort and the ghosts of her menfolk must be applauding □





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A wide-angle photograph of a lake with mountains in the background and three grizzly bears on a rocky shore in the foreground. The bears are brown and are walking along the shoreline. The water is calm and reflects the sky. The mountains in the background are covered in snow and are partially obscured by a layer of clouds. The sky is a pale blue with some light clouds.

# GETTING TO KNOW THE GRIZZLY

Thanks to radio-tracking we have learnt that this fearsome  
beast has a rich, adaptable life-style,  
reports Robert Burton. Photographs by Michio Hoshino.





*The young bears, above, are play-fighting. They are using their sharp teeth and claws but without the force needed to inflict injuries. Play-fighting is common among adolescents of many species and acts as a training for later life. Adult bears defend their territories against other bears and fatal fights may occur.*

*A grizzly bear and her three cubs, right, emerge from their den in the warm light of an Alaskan spring. The young cubs are reliant on their mother for food and for protection. Attacks by adult males are a hazard for cubs that stray on their own. Alaska is now the only sizeable undisturbed habitat for the grizzly.*

**T**he grizzly bear of western North America is the stuff of legends. Weighing more than 900lb, 5 feet tall at the shoulder when on all fours and rearing on its hind legs to tower over any human adversary, it is a massive beast and powerful antagonist. The indigenous Red Indians had a special relationship with grizzlies. Some tribes hunted them with simple weapons in an almost equal contest that brought great honour to the successful hunter but for the Shasta Indians of northern California the relationship was too close to permit hunting. The Shastas believed that the Great Spirit created grizzly bears to rule over the rest of the animals. They walked on two feet, spoke to each other, carried clubs and lived in caves.

One day the Great Spirit's daughter was lost in the forest. She was found and adopted by a family of grizzly bears, and eventually married their son. Their off-

spring, descendants of both the Great Spirit and the grizzly, were the Red Indians. When the Great Spirit found out, he was so angry that he reduced the grizzlies to the level of other animals—no language, no clubs and condemned to walk on all fours. Only when its honour and life are threatened is the bear permitted to rear on its hind legs.

Affinity with wild creatures was an idea foreign to the white settlers who spread across North America in the 18th and 19th centuries. "This animal," wrote H. M. Brackenridge, of Pittsburgh, in 1814, "is the enemy of man, and literally thirsts for human blood. So far from shunning, he seldom fails to attack; and even to hunt him." The grizzly also hunted the settlers' livestock, so war was declared against the species and when reliable large-calibre rifles were introduced the conflict became distinctly one-sided. What was worse, agriculture destroyed the bears' habitat, and by the

early years of this century there were fewer than 1,000 grizzlies south of the Canadian border, where 50 years earlier there had been 100,000. They suffered the same fate as the Indians who had revered them. But the world has changed and many of the people who now pursue grizzly bears are scientists trying to save them from extinction.

There is little chance of conserving a wild animal unless its habits and its needs for survival and breeding are understood. This is not easy when the animal is elusive and its population is scattered thinly over a remote wilderness, but technology has come to the rescue. The technique of radio-tracking has let wildlife biologists into the secret life of the grizzly. By attaching a collar carrying a miniature radio transmitter around the bear's neck, researchers can pinpoint its position. They can keep track of its movements from a distance or locate it and keep close observation.









*A grizzly carries a salmon ashore, above. Salmon provide a rich source of food when they swim upstream to spawn. Some bears wait for the fish to jump and then snap them in mid-air. Others prefer to hunt in shallow water, leaping in and pinning down the fish with their paws, or wading with their heads under water.*

*A ground squirrel, below, runs for its life. Even if it escapes into its burrow, there is a danger that the bear will dig it out. Although the bear's omnivorous diet is mainly vegetarian, small rodents are an important food source when the bear emerges from hibernation and the vegetation is still withered.*



The most famous grizzlies live in Yellowstone National Park, where park managers must enable the resident 200 bears to co-exist with three million visitors every year. At one time tourists were encouraged to visit garbage dumps where the bears gathered to scavenge, but after two visitors were killed in 1967 the dumps were closed. The closures brought an increase in the number of bears foraging at campsites, which put humans in even greater danger. The park managers had assumed that these animals were "garbage addicts" who specialised in feeding near humans and that the problem could be solved by dealing with them as individuals. But radio-tracking showed that all bears travel widely and some just happen to visit garbage dumps and campsites during their wanderings.

The study also demonstrated the extent of the bears' movements. They frequently left the park and entered





*A mother shares her catch with her two cubs, above. Watching their mother hunting and then tearing at the food are valuable skills to acquire. Adult bears eat only the brain, roe and skin of the fish and then leave the rest for the younger bears, who are prevented from fishing by the presence of their elders.*

*The grizzlies are opportunistic hunters and their life-style depends on a liberal diet. The bears will eat anything from stranded whales and dead cattle to insects and seaweed. By the time the cubs leave their mother at the age of three or four years, they will have the experience needed to find a wide range of food.*

the surrounding national forests, so protection within the park alone is not sufficient to preserve the bear population. Each animal roams over 200 to 500 square miles and overlaps the ranges of other bears. Within each range is a core area where the bear spends much of its time, but the outlying areas are still vital for providing all its needs. Some migrate around their ranges, travelling 40 to 50 miles to spend each season in a different area. Huge areas of undisturbed country are needed to support a viable population, because the destruction of one small area could leave the ranges of several bears incomplete. Radio-tracking reveals that roads driven through the wilderness to service logging and oil operations break up the bears' habitat because the animals will keep clear of roads, no matter how slight the volume of traffic, and are consequently denied nearly 10 per cent of their habitat.

A grizzly's movements are dictated by its search for food. The resemblance between bears and humans seen in the Shastas' myth of creation extends to the omnivorous diet of both species. The bears are opportunistic hunters and gatherers that exploit seasonally available food sources. Meat is important to many bears, especially when they emerge from hibernation in spring. They hunt rodents or scavenge for the carcasses of deer that have died in the winter. Then, as plants push up tender new growth, the bears become more vegetarian. Some visit sea-shores in the summer and scavenge for shellfish and seaweed and even turn over stones to lick up the insects hiding underneath. Live animals may be caught and killed at any time and dead animals—seals or whales on the shore, deer and moose in the forest, sheep and cattle on ranchland—are a windfall of easy pickings. In early summer salmon and trout begin

their run up-river to the spawning grounds and the grizzlies gather to gorge on them. Later in the year ripening berries and nuts complete their annual menu and when supplies dwindle the bears retire into hibernation.

For some grizzlies the run of salmon and trout up-river is a major event of their calendar. One of the greatest wildlife sights must be their annual gathering at traditional fishing places. Incidentally, it gives the lie to the old description of the grizzly as a solitary animal. When bears can be recognised as individuals by means of numbered tags, it transpires that although a score of them may be seen at one time, three times as many may visit the fishing place in the course of a day.

The grizzlies that assemble at a stranded whale, a garbage dump or a salmon-leap quickly learn their places in a temporary hierarchy which is established by a ritual of roaring, threatening





*Normally quadruped, grizzly bears can stand erect on their hind legs, above, to survey their surroundings.*

*Bears walk on the soles of their feet, like humans, and their front paws are surprisingly dextrous.*

*The part-human appearance helps to account for the universal appeal of bears and their presence in myth.*

*Eating grass, below, seems a strange habit for an animal with a reputation for ferocity. Although the mouth is armed with long canine teeth for seizing animal prey, the cheek teeth are flat for grinding plant food. Grizzlies feast on berries when autumn tints show it will soon be time for winter hibernation.*



behaviour and occasionally a short fight. But the permanent social unit is a mother and her cubs. She gives birth while in her winter den to up to four cubs, although two comprise the more usual litter. The cubs weigh less than 11b each when born, but they grow rapidly and follow their mother when she leaves the winter den between April and June. They stay with her for three or four years, denning with her each winter; they become independent when she mates again. Young males are forced out of her range and must try to avoid older males who will attack them as rivals, while females tend to remain near their mothers. Sometimes a number of females, perhaps sisters, form an extended family, rearing their cubs together and even suckling each others' offspring.

Before radio-tracking enabled naturalists to eavesdrop so effectively on grizzlies, little was known about their hibernation. The winter sleep is crucial





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*Two grizzlies make contact, above. Smell is the most important of the bears' senses and is used for finding food as well as communication. Unlike cats and dogs, bears make very little use of facial expression.*

*When confronting people, the animal's expressionless face does not reveal whether it is going to attack.*

*A playful image of the grizzly, below, belies the enormous potential damage it can do. The preservation of the bears depends on reducing interactions between the animals and people, because aggressive encounters and destruction of property lead to calls for protection to be removed, even in national parks.*

for the survival of the bears through the long period when there is not enough food to sustain their enormous bulk. As an Abnaki Indian once remarked: "A bear is wiser than a man, because a man does not know how to live all winter without eating."

It was assumed that grizzlies, like the black bear and the European brown bear, sought a natural shelter such as a hollow tree or cave, but it is now known that they spend a considerable time digging an underground den, if possible under a large tree to give a good roof, and lining it with conifer branches, moss and grass to make a warm bed. But before construction starts, the bear indulges in a long bout of gluttony, consuming 20,000 calories a day—the equivalent of 40 hamburgers for a human. Without this nourishment, which converts into a layer of fat 6 to 10 inches thick, the bear will not survive until spring and a mother cannot produce the rich milk for



her winter-born cubs. The hibernating bear conserves its energy reserves by closing down completely the digestive system and kidneys, lowering the heart-beat to eight per minute and body temperature by 5°C.

Modern research has revealed the grizzly as an animal with a rich life-style, adaptable in its ecology and social life, and far removed from the bloodthirsty desperado of frontiersmen's stories. It is sad that the stimulus to discover the real grizzly has been its near extinction; and the new quest for knowledge may bring its own problems for the beleaguered animal. John Craighead, one of the pioneers of radio-tracking the bears, has pointed out that we already know enough to save them. "Too often," he says, "when a tough political decision in favour of the bear is called for, we put it off by ordering another research project to 'study the situation'. We could end up studying the grizzly to death." □





*Thomas Eakins's Self-portrait (1902) epitomises the artist's powerful but somewhat dour approach to portraiture.*

*Right, Eakins excluded extraneous detail from The Concert Singer, except for the conductor's hand holding the baton.*

# TOWERING GIANT OF AMERICAN ART

John Hayes assesses the work of Thomas Eakins, whose paintings will shortly be exhibited in London for the first time.

**T**he appreciation of historic British art in the United States has been transformed by Paul Mellon's immense enthusiasm and great benefactions. In his recently published autobiography he remarked how sad it was that the reverse had not turned out to be the case with American art in Britain. It is strange perhaps, too, because the British love natural beauty, and the beauties of the American landscape have inspired marvellous painting; while the giants

of late-19th-century American art Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins were both specialists in seascape and portraiture, precisely those genres that have a special appeal for the British. Yet there is not a single work by either of these great artists in a British public collection, and there is only one, middle-ranking, work by Eakins throughout the whole of Europe: a small portrait of Clara Mather, in the Musée d'Orsay. A forthcoming exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery will come as a surprise

even to art historians, revealing, for the first time in Europe, the genius and range of a painter whom Princeton art historian John Wilmerding has described as "one of the towering humane visions in the history of art".

Eakins was born in Philadelphia on July 25, 1844, the eldest son of strict, hard-working, comfortably-off middle-class parents. His father, Benjamin, was a writing master. He went to Philadelphia's remarkable Central High School, renowned for its egalitarian outlook and









*When Eakins lost his position at the Pennsylvania Academy most of his students resigned too, among them Miss Amelia Van Buren, whom he portrayed with characteristic insight in 1891.*

its concentration on the natural sciences, and he graduated from there in 1861. Four years studying drawing at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, with anatomy lessons at the Jefferson Medical College, prepared him to become a painter. As the Pennsylvania Academy offered no instruction in oil painting he turned towards Europe, and in 1866 Eakins entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris.

He was fortunate to study under Jean-Léon Gérôme, an excellent teacher and a painter of great integrity. Gérôme specialised in exotic genre scenes marked by precise drawing and archaeological exactitude—rational qualities that Eakins admired. He had been educated to believe passionately in science and in knowledge that was scientifically tested, and he loved the abstractions of mathematics. For him accurate measurement involving a system of one-point perspective that ensured a stable, stage-like framework for his compositions was the essence of picture-making, faultless and thoroughly understood anatomy the essential of figure painting. The Salon art of the day, especially in its treatment of the nude and use of fancy

classical titles, Eakins found trivial; and it was only when he travelled to Spain and saw for the first time the paintings of Velázquez and Ribera that he was overwhelmed by what he called “big” painting. The grandeur, realism, sombre tones and expressive brushwork of Spanish 17th-century art were the foundations of his mature style.

To scientific precision and Spanish realism Eakins added the concept of heroism. He hated mediocrity and pretence, and followed the then universally popular philosophy of Herbert Spencer, the thinker who coined the phrase “survival of the fittest”, in seeking out those who stood apart from their fellows. Above all, he was a patriot. It was the American products that he admired most at the Exposition Universelle of 1867. And when he returned to Philadelphia it was with a very distinct purpose—to paint the portraits of American “achievers” in every walk of professional and cultural life, the meritocracy of that wonderfully progressive era that followed the Civil War. He had no reason to travel to Europe again; and he never did.

Many of Eakins’s earliest portraits on his return were of members of his family

or of close friends: a sombre full-length of Kathrin Crowell, the girl to whom he became engaged, but who died before they could marry; a more successful full-length of her sister, Elizabeth, at the piano; smaller studies of Elizabeth playing with her dog, his father playing chess, and his sister Margaret turning from the piano to watch a child writing on a slate. All were simple domestic scenes, but they were massively conceived and modelled in strong effects of light—what Eakins described as “the big tool”. In particular, *Baby at Play*, an innocent subject, overlain by the monumentality of the image and the almost adult concentration of his two-year-old niece assembling her building bricks, sums up the nature of his vision; it was at the opposite end of the scale from the ambitions of Sargent, at that time just emerging from the studio of the fashionable society portraitist Carolus-Duran.

After the Civil War rowing became one of the most popular sports among East Coast city dwellers. Eakins was the first artist to commit rowing scenes to canvas. In *Max Schmitt in a Single Scull*, one of his most serene and beautiful works, he portrayed a champion sculler





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*The Gross Clinic, a masterpiece depicting the surgeon Samuel Gross explaining his method to his students, was intended for exhibition at the 1876 Centennial but was rejected by the selection board as being too raw.*

who had been a close friend since schooldays, and Eakins included himself in the scull behind. Although he has rendered the late-afternoon light on the Schuylkill river with rare delicacy, the picture is not realised atmospherically but with mathematical precision.

The first person outside the family circle whom he asked to sit was Benjamin Howard Rand, a chemistry professor who had taught him at Central High School and was also the president of a boating club. Eakins portrayed Rand at his desk, totally absorbed in a problem, his scientific instruments beside him, each of them painstakingly depicted. In his eagerness to include so much accessory detail, Eakins overloaded his canvas and almost obscured Rand. When he came to paint a similar portrait of the physicist Henry A. Rowland, more than 20 years later, he was more careful as he considered the background, writing to the sitter about changes he contemplated, "So I trust the picture may gain in interest and not lose in breadth."

After the Rand portrait Eakins embarked on a truly epic work, which he intended for exhibition at the Centennial of 1876. This was a portrait of the inter-

nationally renowned surgeon Samuel Gross performing in front of his students an operation demanding much patience as well as skill (the removal of dead bone resulting from osteomyelitis). Everyone in this picture is in his appointed place and every aspect of it is meticulously observed. The composition is broadly pyramidal in structure and, just as in a great Rembrandt, it is controlled by light—light which focuses on the surgeon's magnificent domed forehead and which falls evenly across the sheets, the chloroform-soaked gauze and the patient's leg between. Dr Gross is shown turning to his students, his thumb and forefinger covered in blood after making the first incision, explaining what he is about to do. The atmosphere is tense. All the participants are engrossed in their particular task; the patient's mother recoils. But there is no rhetoric, either about the scene Eakins had observed in the clinic or his painting of it. "Every important operation," Gross wrote, "should be looked on as a solemn undertaking." For Eakins the picture was equally so. As Elizabeth Johns has written: "No American artist had ever painted a work of such intellectual scope, nor of such challenge as a

sheer arrangement of figures." Nonetheless the jury, uncomprehending, rejected the work as too raw; Gross himself was responsible for ensuring that it was hung in the medical section of the Centennial.

Eakins made it his business fully to understand the professional activities of his sitters, whether they were surgeons, scientists or musicians. From his schooldays on he had mastered every subject that interested him with an extraordinary thoroughness. He knew more about anatomy than many doctors; and his study of movement—both human and equine—led to his association with Eadweard Muybridge and to his making advances in serial photography that foreshadowed the motion-picture camera. Not surprisingly, Eakins was a great, practical teacher; indeed teaching helped him to clarify his own ideas.

His principal concern was always the human figure; he regarded the female body as the most beautiful of all nature's creations. Unlike his predecessors at the Academy, Eakins believed in the primacy of painting rather than drawing—mass rather than contour—and argued that the use of the brush and modelling in clay enabled students to





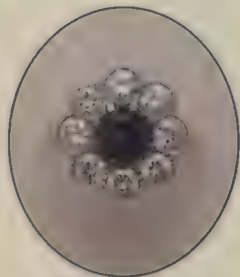
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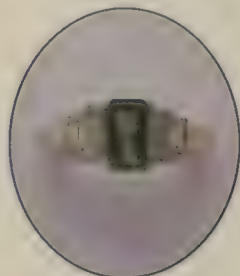
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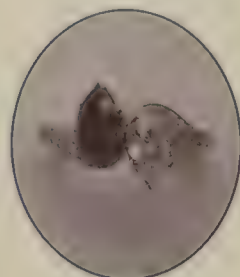
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grasp much more quickly "the grand construction of the figure". But his neglect of landscape and decoration, in an age when these were becoming of increasing significance in American art, resulted in mounting criticism, and the celebrated episode when he removed the loincloth from the male model in a mixed life class was finally responsible for his dismissal from his post.

One of his most promising students was Amelia Van Buren, to whom he once, in answer to a question about the pelvis, demonstrated its action in the nude. Eakins's later portrait of her is described by William Homer, in his recent monograph, as capable of holding its own "against the best work of any of Eakins's contemporaries, no matter what their country of origin". In its profundity it is comparable to Degas. The deeply contemplative gaze in this magisterial canvas is balanced by massive forms, notably those of the armchair and of the crumpled apron; and as in all of Eakins's paintings, the hands are expressive and superbly modelled.

In many of his earlier canvases he had tended to surround his sitters with the appurtenances of their calling; increasingly he emphasised their intellectual or spiritual power without such support. In *The Concert Singer*, for example, the conductor's hand and baton and the few palm fronds are marginalised and cropped, much as in comparable works by Degas. Eakins has concentrated not only on the figure of the singer, Weda Cook, who sat for him intermittently for two years, and whose lovely pink dress seems to symbolise the freshness of youth, but on the projection of a particular musical phrase, the opening of Mendelssohn's aria "O rest in the Lord" from the oratorio *Elijah* (how the sitter came to loathe it!). He carved the musical notes on the frame and wrote later that "to musicians I think it emphasised the expression of the face and pose of the figure".

Walt Whitman, whom Eakins first met in 1887, and who shared his contempt for Victorian primness, famously declared that Eakins "is not a painter, he is a force". This is particularly true of his later works, especially those smaller in format, in which, like the portraits of G.F. Watts, the head predominated. In these canvases Eakins seems to be baring the very soul of his sitters, often making them appear older and more ravaged by time than they actually were. The superb portraits of Mrs Mahon and of his father-in-law, William Macdowell,

whom he painted several times, are perhaps the most uncompromising examples of such psychological acuity. With his reputation for being "brutally frank", it is no wonder that Eakins received few commissions and, with the notable exception of his second "clinic" picture, depicting Dr D. Hayes Agnew at the time of his retirement, most were unsuccessful or rejected by his clients. *The Agnew Clinic*, which showed a mastectomy, was rejected for exhibition. Also in these late years Eakins painted a number of portraits, such as *The Thinker*, which are as much studies of types as likenesses of individuals. These figures stand grave and self-absorbed without props and against plain backgrounds.

Eakins received little recognition in his lifetime: not a single article was written on him as a painter when he was alive, and his only one-man exhibition was mounted in 1896. He rarely travelled, and remained in the family home at 1729 Mount Vernon Street for most of

"Eakins's  
principal concern  
was always the  
human figure."

his life, and maintained a studio in Chestnut Street, where he had lived for a few years. Eakins was proud of his native city. His undoubtedly dour style of painting changed little, and he was overtaken in regard by the more fashionable portraitists

of the day, William Merritt Chase, Cecilia Beaux and, of course, Sargent, who possessed a stylishness, spontaneity and sense of colour more to the taste of wealthy Americans, and were ready to idealise their clients in a manner more suited to their social status. Nor was he responsive, as portraitists such as John White Alexander were, to Whistler and the ideas of the new age of Aestheticism and Symbolism, although works like *The Thinker* are in essence Symbolist. Eakins was neither religious nor mystical, and remained committed to the tenets of Realism, with an intensity comparable to that of Emile Zola.

The Metropolitan Museum staged an exhibition of his work in 1917, the year after his death, and respect for Eakins's integrity and power as a painter has increased steadily with the growing number of exhibitions and publications. By the time of the large-scale exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1982 Eakins was regarded as one of the very greatest, if not the greatest, of all American painters.

□ Thomas Eakins (1844-1916) and the Heart of American Life, National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Place, London WC2, from October 8 to January 23, 1994.





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# THE ALPS V THE ROCKIES

Europe and America can both offer world-class skiing, but there are major differences of style and atmosphere in skiing east or west of the Atlantic, writes Alistair Scott.

Every winter's day airliners jet across the Atlantic with many pairs of skis in their cargo holds. The west-bound aircraft, for example, carry European skiers heading for holidays in the United States, as well as Americans returning from vacations in Europe.

On the face of it, this is curious. Surely it is simpler for Americans to ski on their own continent and for Europeans to ski in the Alps. But, apart from the skier's natural belief that the snow is always whiter on the other side of the pond, there are good reasons for this apparently absurd state of affairs.

Both Europe and America offer lots of world-class skiing, but there are major differences of style and atmosphere in skiing east or west of the Atlantic. There are also great differences within each continent, as well. A tiny Tyrolean village offers a very different experience from a French purpose-built resort, just as skiing in Utah is in many ways unlike skiing in California.

For keen skiers to restrict themselves to one continent or the other would be to limit severely their knowledge of the world's great ski resorts. Besides, the resorts of Europe are not much farther away from east coast cities such as New York than those of Colorado and New Mexico. Similarly, since Britons usually go by air to the Continental resorts, it requires only a slight psychological adjustment to take a longer flight to America instead. This explains why the



British now form the largest number of foreign skiers visiting the United States, although German skiers seem increasingly willing to cross the Atlantic.

Generalisations about the differences between American and European skiing are necessarily dangerous. But the chief attraction of the American resorts lies in the high quality of service that they offer, while the appeal of most European ski stations is more to do with atmosphere and heritage.

Recreational skiing as we know it was invented in Europe and there are still several villages where you can sense a direct link back to the early years of this century and the ski pioneers. The Jungfrau region in the Swiss Bernese Oberland, which includes the resorts of Mürren, Wengen and Grindelwald, is often referred to as the cradle of skiing and even today British visitors are accorded a special kind of respect as the descendants of those who were responsible for introducing the sport to the area.

Dominated by the spectacular trio of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau mountains, this area also displays many of the disadvantages of age. The lift systems are to a large extent dependent on slow mountain railways and funiculars, most of which travel little faster than they did 50 years ago. T-bar drag-lifts are another hazard frequently encountered in these and other long-established resorts. American visitors brought up on chairlifts are often slow to master the idiosyncratic technique necessary to ride a T-bar successfully to the summit.

Other old-fashioned resorts with spectacular scenery and a great sense of tradition include Zermatt, St Moritz, Davos and Klosters, in Switzerland, and St Anton, in Austria. But all these places suffer, at least in part, from inadequate uphill transport systems, and lengthy lift queues—sometimes lasting hours rather than minutes—are inevitable in the high season. Also, to go from accommodation to ski areas and back, long walks in ski





boots or tiresome bus rides are often necessary. But, by way of compensation, all these places have magnificent old hotels in their village centres and plenty of cosy, atmospheric, wooden mountain restaurants dotted around their slopes. Swiss service is always efficient, although it often lacks a certain warmth. In Austria visitors are always conscious of the warm welcome epitomised by that untranslatable word *gemütlichkeit*.

Apart from old alpine centres such as Chamonix, most French resorts are rather more modern than the Swiss or Austrian ones and most ski-lift development has occurred since the Second World War. Cable-cars and chair-lifts are the favourite means of uphill transport here and a continuous programme of investment in most major resorts means that many of the chair-lifts are now of the high-speed detachable kind. Val d'Isère and Tignes, which form the Espace Killy ski area, have both recently introduced high-speed underground

*Left, Méribel is a purpose-built French resort with well-maintained pistes. Above, skiing in Vail, Colorado, a 30-year-old ski town.*

funicular trains, which whisk skiers to the summit in around five minutes.

In the Trois Vallées area, which includes the resorts of Courchevel, Méribel and Val Thorens, many of the lift facilities were improved for the Albertville Winter Olympics of 1992. The pistes here are always exceptionally well maintained and will suit those used to America's high standards of trail grooming. The Trois Vallées also has more than 1,200 snow-making machines, which help to keep runs in good condition even when natural snow is scarce. The region is ideal for those who like to cover long distances on skis. The Trois Vallées lift-pass is valid for more than 200 lifts and gives access to more than 600 kilometres of marked pistes.

All the Trois Vallées resorts are purpose-built and most of the accom-

modation is located close to the slopes. But by far the most appealing village in this area is Méribel-les-Allues, which was founded by a Scot, Peter Lindsay, after the Second World War and which he modelled on the old wooden chalets he had seen in the Austrian Tyrol. Even the large hotels in Méribel are built in traditional chalet style.

Nothing emphasises the contrast between the continents more strongly than the way in which skiers are treated by the personnel. In America all the ski-lifts have far more staff than in Europe and they take care to marshal the queues (or lift lines, as they call them) so that there is no queue-jumping and so that at busy times no chair goes up with an empty space on it.

There are special "singles" lanes for lone skiers and the lift operatives, many of them young, extrovert college kids, chat relentlessly. They discuss the weather and the snow conditions and exclaim "Have a nice day!" and "How y'all doin'?" several times a minute. The staff in most of the bars and restaurants both on and off the slopes have a similarly cheerful, customer-orientated attitude, but beware that in most cases, unlike their less enthusiastic European counterparts, they will be expecting a tip.

Most Europeans travelling to the United States to ski will not visit the resorts on the east coast, but fly straight to a western-gateway airport. The most popular of these is at the mile-high city of Denver, Colorado, and serves resorts such as Vail, Breckenridge and Keystone by road and Aspen by road or air.

Visitors used to the dramatic scenery of the Alps are often disappointed by the Colorado landscape. Although the resorts are located at a higher altitude than almost any of their European counterparts, many of them seem to be surrounded by high hills rather than real mountains. Rounded peaks and the virtual absence of cliffs, chasms and glacial areas provide a very different kind of ski terrain from those normally found on the other side of the Atlantic. For example, a single lift can serve a far greater variety of different runs than would be possible in Europe. (Only four major chair-lifts serve the vast area of Vail's back bowls, for instance.)

American resort authorities attach great importance to trail grooming, and snow cats usually work through the night preparing the runs for the next day. Notice-boards advise skiers which trails have been groomed in the past 24 hours. Some visitors find the relentlessly groomed runs too anodyne, but most major resorts still have plenty of ungroomed, steep, challenging terrain. Places such as Telluride, Colorado, and



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*The Americans are the experts at teaching children to ski. In Vail, Colorado, above, young skiers can learn in a replica Red Indian camp.*

Jackson Hole, Wyoming (both resorts with dramatic mountain ranges, incidentally) offer plenty of radical mogul slopes to test even the most expert skiers. But those liking very long runs should be warned that the average vertical drop in American resorts is significantly shorter than in Europe.

Those who want to take lessons will find that although the methods used by European ski-schools are more standardised than they used to be, significant and confusing differences between the different countries still remain. By contrast, the ski-schools of the United States all teach along the same lines and there is the added advantage for most Britons and Americans that they will receive instruction in their native tongue. (Complex notions about weight distribution during a turn are not always well conveyed by an instructor who is struggling to speak in a foreign language.)

Although European resorts are getting more child-friendly, the Americans are the experts at teaching children to ski. They understand that children have to think skiing is fun from the very beginning and that a bad experience could put them off the sport for life. Vail, Colorado, for example, has a wonderful learning programme which includes a replica Red Indian camp just at the side of the piste.

Many American ski stations are purpose-built and although this means that most of the accommodation is conveniently close to the slopes, it can also mean that resorts tend to lack character. But Vail, Colorado, is a 30-year-old ski town loosely modelled on a Bavarian village, and its atmosphere is so attractive that you forget just how young the place is.

Because many of the United States ski areas were originally mining territory, several virtually derelict old mining towns have been revived as ski resorts. A good example is Aspen, Colorado, a 19th-century town with many magnificent buildings and some of the best skiing in the United States. A glitzy town, patronised by film stars and billionaires, Aspen is also popular with non-skiers: "I shopped on Aspen's best skiing day!" is the proud boast of one T-shirt.

The more one considers the subject the more one begins to see similarities between particular resorts on the two continents. Courchevel, in France, actually has much in common with Vail, and useful comparisons could be made between Wengen, Switzerland, and Sun Valley, Idaho. In the end, of course, each ski town is unique and for the skier there is nothing to beat personal experience. That is why airlines can look forward to a growth in skier traffic across the Atlantic in *both* directions for many years to come □



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*Obverse of an enamelled necklace dating from about 1905. The peacock in the central medallion is made of a mosaic of opals. Other stones used include amethysts, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and green garnets. The reverse also was intricately enamelled.*



LOUIS COMFORT  
TIFFANY'S ENAMELS  
AND JEWELLERY  
COMBINED ART AND  
CRAFTSMANSHIP.  
JANET LAPATA LOOKS  
AT HIS WORK.

*The enamelled cartouches of this 18-carat-gold jewel box, made in 1914, are based on panels of an earlier stained-glass window installed in Tiffany's house. The scenes reflect his life-long love of nature.*



A driving ambition for the highest artistic achievement, a flair for creativity and an unshakeable tenacity when attempting the near-impossible are traits which epitomise the character of Louis Comfort Tiffany, the genial American designer who blazed a pioneering trail in the decorative arts in the early years of the 20th century. Born in 1848, Louis is often confused with his father, Charles L. Tiffany, founder of the prestigious jewellery and silver house Tiffany & Co. Yet both father and son succeeded in creating and selling beauty in their own individual manner with separate businesses.

Many have speculated that the elder

Tiffany was disappointed that his son chose not to follow him into a mercantile career. However, the opposite was true. Charles Tiffany was proud of his son and guided his early artistic path. He encouraged Louis at an early age to study with Edward C. Moore, the prominent silver designer at Tiffany & Co, who taught him to draw from nature and instilled in him the discipline to learn from other cultures. In 1862 Charles sent the 14-year-old Louis to Eagleswood Military Academy, in New Jersey, where he met the artist George Inness, who imbued him with an appreciation of the importance of colour in art. Charles also supported Louis's

many trips abroad, especially to the Muslim world, where he was awed by the distinctive, atmospheric colourations not seen in the west. All these early influences were to leave a lasting impression on Louis Tiffany, and are reflected in his unerring drive towards a fuller expression of colour as well as a reliance on nature for inspiration.

He began his artistic career as a painter. This medium did not fulfil his restless creative spirit and he soon turned his skills to the art of interior decoration, ornamental and ecclesiastical windows and, in the 1890s, to the creation of small utilitarian objects in a variety of media. Using entrepreneurial


# TREASURES OF TIFFANY



*Benediction candelabrum decorated with opalescent glass. This was one of the Byzantine-inspired pieces Louis Comfort Tiffany exhibited at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, which owed much to his observations during travels as a young man in Egypt and the Islamic countries of north Africa. The use of semi-precious stones in the 1893 exhibits presaged Tiffany's jewellery designs.*





A necklace made of favrile glass beetles on a gold chain. The beetles are dark blue with iridescent, rainbow-like patterns on their backs. They are arranged in a series of three rows, with the top row having the most beetles and the bottom row having the fewest. The chain is made of small gold links.

Necklace of favrile glass beetles with three drop pendants. Tiffany's Egyptian travels, his interest in the natural world and his love of iridescent effects explain the scarab's frequent appearance in his jewellery designs, and his own reference collection contained a copy of an ancient Egyptian necklace composed of the dried insects. Tiffany's beetles were stamped into a glass tile, cut out and set into an 18-carat-gold mounting for hat pins, studs and charms as well as necklaces. Most were made between 1909 and 1914, but scarab jewellery remained popular for some years.

talents he undoubtedly inherited from his father, Louis formed the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company in 1885 and divided it into the Stourbridge Glass Company and the Allied Arts Company, the former concentrating on the manufacture of his glassware and the latter providing manufacturing support for all the other facets of his *oeuvre*.

In such decorating commissions as the Seventh Regiment Armory and the Havemeyer mansion, both in New York City, Tiffany began working with naturalistic motifs and elements derived from non-European sources, such as Islamic wire-work, which presage his later enamelware and jewellery. But his exhibit at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, marked the future direction of his art. In his book *The "Lost" Treasures of Louis Comfort Tiffany* Hugh McKean characterises this display as "a proving ground for nearly everything he made later". Tiffany exhibited a Byzantine-inspired chapel, a selection of stained-glass windows, and a separate

exhibit of ecclesiastical objects set with gemstones—including an altar cross, a chasuble, a mitre, and embroidery for the lectern—that constitute his first recorded use of jewels.

For more than a decade from 1893 Tiffany produced decorative objects in blown glass, metals, enamels, pottery and jewellery. According to Martin Eidelberg, in his essay *The Masterworks of Louis Comfort Tiffany*, this "was perhaps the most fertile portion of Tiffany's career and the period in which Tiffany gained his international fame".

At the Stourbridge Glass Company he produced favrile glassware, which also contributed to that fame, and in 1898 he began to make enamels on copper—a logical development, suggests McKean, for "anyone with a glass furnace and a driving urge to try new techniques". But enamelling on copper was more than just a technical challenge for Tiffany. To him colour was paramount, and the infinite variety of colours obtainable through enamelling would enable him





to create objects with hues not available in his pottery or glass work. He was interested in all aspects of the design, including form, surface treatment and colour tonalities, and considered these items "sculpture in utilitarian form", producing approximately only 750 pieces from 1902 to 1907.

Charles Tiffany died in 1902. Louis, a director on the board of trustees of Tiffany & Co since 1881, was elected second vice-president of the firm and given the responsibility of art director. That same year he consolidated his Stourbridge Glass Company within a new organisation, Tiffany Furnaces, and began his initial experiments with jewellery design. He was then 54 years of age. A burning question is: why did he wait until after his father's death to enter a field to which he had so much to contribute? Did he feel intimidated by the jewels his father's firm had been making, especially the jewelled splendours designed by Paulding Farnham which had won numerous awards at international expositions? Or, perhaps, Louis would not risk disapproval from his father, a

man he truly loved and respected, by testing totally new ideas in the principal field of Charles's successful enterprise.

Whatever the answer, Louis's first jewellery project was exhibited in the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St Louis. These early pieces are characterised by a "hand-wrought" appearance, and reveal influences of nature, eastern design and Etruscan jewellery. Tiffany's St Louis exhibit attracted much attention and was widely publicised; a reviewer commented that one necklace "counterfeits the hand of Lalique himself". Tiffany continued to produce jewellery at Tiffany Furnaces until its enamelling and jewellery division was purchased by Tiffany & Co in 1907. From this date until the department closed on his death in 1933, all Louis Tiffany's jewellery and enamelware were made and sold at the Tiffany store, then located at the corner of 37th Street and Fifth Avenue, in New York City.

Tiffany preferred gemstones that were either opaque or translucent, such as turquoise, jade, carnelian, lapis lazuli, moonstone and opal. These stones were

*A mosaic created for the mansion of Henry and Louisine Havemeyer in 1891. This was Tiffany's first use of facing peacocks, a recurrent motif in his work; and peacock feathers appeared in the designer's last-known piece, of 1925.*



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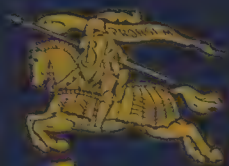




# A HISTORY OF TASTE

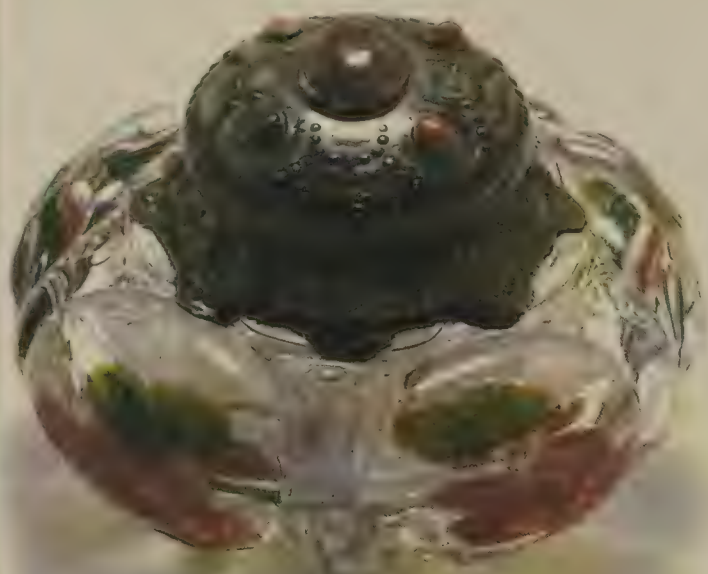


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*Enamelled, carved  
cameo inkwell,  
designed in 1907.*

*The neck and  
lid are studded with  
carnelians, one  
of the opaque stones  
favoured by  
Tiffany, who was  
fascinated, too,  
by the iridescence of  
opals, such as  
the polished fire opal  
crowning the lid.*

chosen for their denseness or their ability to filter light. The opal in particular, with its constantly changing colours, fascinated Tiffany, who used all varieties ranging from the milky white types to black, fire and boulder opals.

At Tiffany & Co Louis had access to a wealth of gemstones and precious metals that he was able to shape in both traditional and novel ways. His enamelware evolved into vessels made of silver and gold, set with gemstones and enhanced with *plique-à-jour* enamelling. At the same time his jewellery became somewhat more formal, with the attention to finishing detail on which his father had built the company's reputation. The culmination of this phase of Louis's art was a display of his jewellery and *objets d'art* at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, which received high praise and brought him a gold medal.

Tiffany had a special affection for his enamels and his jewellery. Both were well represented in a retrospective of his work which he assembled in 1916 to celebrate his 68th birthday. At that time he had amassed 115 examples of his early enamels on copper for his personal collection. He continued to design well into his 70s. The last known object created by this kindly artist is a *plique-à-jour* gold chalice with peacock feathers, which he designed in 1925. This piece crystallises the essence of Tiffany's art. The cup is exquisitely shaped like a tulip, a gentle reminder of his unwavering admiration for the beauty of nature. It is executed to perfection using a difficult enamelling technique. The subtle peacock motif, evident in all phases of his art, may have been his last appeal to immortality □

□ Janet Zapata is author of *The Jewellery and Enamels of Louis Comfort Tiffany*. Illustrations seen here are from the book, which will be published on October 11 by Thames & Hudson at £25.

There will also be an exhibition of the jewellery and enamels of Louis Comfort Tiffany at the J. Mavec Gallery, at 625 Madison Avenue, New York City, from October 5 to 23.



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# SPICE MERCHANT

ISMAIL MERCHANT'S SUCCESS AT TURNING CLASSIC BOOKS INTO FILMS HAS BROUGHT HOLLYWOOD TO HIS DOOR. THE INDIAN PRODUCER, DIRECTOR AND COOK TALKS TO ARTHUR J. PAIS.

Back in Bombay, the priests came to him, urging him to address a political rally to condemn communal violence across India. Faced by an audience of thousands, nine-year-old Ismail Merchant, son of a wealthy textile dealer and politician, nearly panicked. However, seized by an inexplicable spirit, this budding debator began the speech he had hurriedly memorised. He did not fully understand its contents, and realised he was being used as a gimmick, but knew that he was making a bigger impact than any of the politicians who had preceded him.

Forty-eight years later, and 12,000 miles away in New York, Merchant fondly recalls his one-off venture into oratory and relates it to his passion for defying conventional wisdom and making films out of classic literature. In his resonant voice, which still carries an Indian accent, he says: "Once I had begun speaking at that rally, there was no way I could stop. And from the time I began making movies it has been like going before that crowd; there was no going back, no stopping."

Merchant's current hit, *Howards End*, won three Academy Awards this year and grossed about \$60 million across the world; the film cost about \$8 million, one-third of the budget of an average Hollywood film. It echoes the success of his *A Room with a View*, which cost about \$3 million, grossed \$60 million and took home three Oscars in 1987. Both films were based on novels by E. M. Forster. He is working on the release of two films this year. *The Remains of the Day*, to appear this autumn, is based on the Booker Prize-winning novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, and is to be followed by *In Custody*.

*The Remains of the Day* concerns

political duplicity in an aristocratic English family; it also narrates a doom-laden story of unacknowledged and unexpressed love. The film, which features Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson, is directed by James Ivory, who has played a similar role for most of the 30-odd films produced by Merchant. And Ruth Praver Jhabvala, herself a Booker Prize-winner, and the third member of the Merchant-Ivory team since its inception, has provided additions to Harold Pinter's script. The film is an important departure for the trio—it is the first time they have worked with Columbia Pictures, which approached them following the success of *Howards End*. *In Custody*, which marks Merchant's directorial debut, is based on an acclaimed novel by Anita Desai, and is an ironic tale of a fan's idealisation of a great Urdu poet.

Merchant has been making films for 32 years and has directed several documentaries. Why did he wait so long to direct a feature film? "All these years I was too busy raising money and keeping our company floating," he says. "When things looked more assured last year, I decided to take up direction."

Another recent development came when Disney Studios invited him for discussion on joint projects. This resulted in a deal being signed under the terms of which Merchant's company will produce three films "of our choice" for Disney over the next five years.

Though Merchant was unhappy with his association with 20th-Century Fox, which partly financed his 1969 film *The Guru*, and subsequently stayed away from Hollywood, he says he has signed up with Columbia and Disney because his company's independence is now well-known and respected. These production deals allow Merchant-Ivory

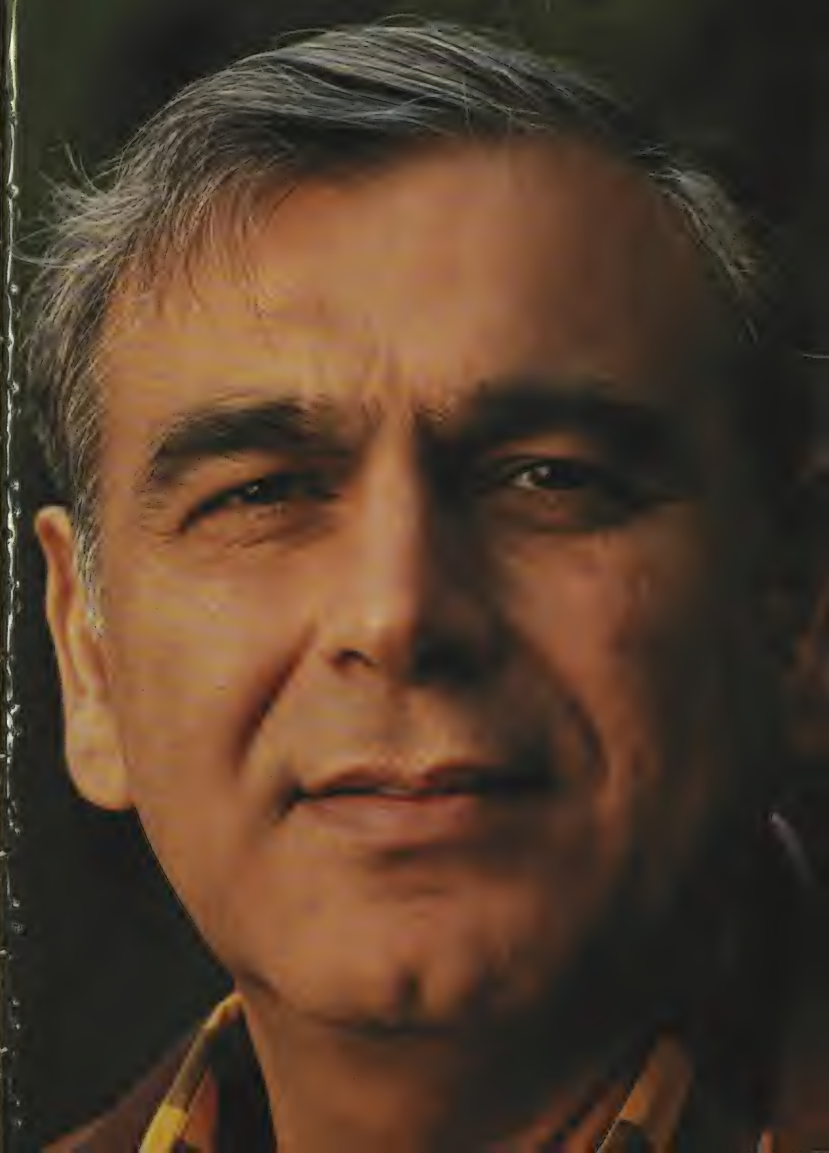
plenty of leeway, he says, and mean that his films are distributed more effectively. Yet he is not dazzled by Hollywood's millions. "Long ago," he says with a youthful grin, "I discovered that you don't need money to achieve something."

The film historian and critic Andrew Sarris says Merchant and Ivory have learnt to swim with the sharks. "They have been in this business long enough to know how to deal with Hollywood. The only danger I see lies in public expectation; after *Howards End* people may expect too much from them."

But the new-found success has not changed Merchant's working style; he operates mainly from a cramped three-room office in New York's Manhattan. He lives in an equally unprepossessing apartment nearby, half of which is filled with books, some passed on by Ivory, some by Jhabvala and others by prospective directors wanting to know whether he thinks the books can be made into films.

To know Merchant really well you must wangle an invitation to his country cottage in the Hudson Valley, about an hour's drive from New York. It is there that he cooks lavish but quickly prepared meals for actors, business associates and friends, where he suddenly begins to quote his favourite Urdu poets, and where this man, who describes himself as a praying Muslim, talks freely about himself.

Back in his cluttered New York office, hung with the framed posters of movies that have received an enviable 21 Academy Award nominations, Merchant readily discusses his career as a filmmaker, chef and author of cookery books. At nearly 6 feet tall, he still looks athletic and belies his 57 years. His critics say he is difficult to do business with





and is temperamental. He can be very gracious, and charm you into doing anything for him, says a former associate, adding that Merchant can also be demanding and ruthless. He can sing the birds out of the branches and then shoot them down.

"Listen," says Merchant, "when you make films with your back against the wall, you are bound to be short-tempered." He is known for cooking extravagant dinners for his cast and crew to smooth the waters after one of his outbursts.

"Things are a lot different now, but are we going to make purely escapist movies because we are working with Hollywood? Whether we succeeded or not, we have always striven to make insightful films based on first-rate literary works. And that will not change."

His 1994 project, *Jefferson in Paris*, for instance, will explore the tension-filled years when Thomas Jefferson served as American ambassador in Paris, and will be directed by Ivory from a screenplay by Jhabvala. It was inspired by Oliver Bernier's highly evocative book *Pleasures and Privileges*, about life in the 18th century. The film will aim to offer a realistic picture of Jefferson as a man, scientist and diplomat. It will also portray the moral ambiguities he often confronted, and the difficult choices he faced.

Making choices was not a problem for Ismail Merchant, the fourth of seven children of Noormohamed Haji Abdul Rehman and Hazra Memon. Being the only son, he was often indulged and encouraged to go his own way. His liberal-minded parents sent him to a Jesuit college in Bombay, hoping that he would take up medicine or engineering. But Merchant was seriously attracted by films even as a teenager. A well-known actress of the 1950s who was a family friend often took him to the film studios in Bombay. Though he was initially excited by Indian films, he developed a taste for Hollywood; he also saw such films as *Elephant Boy*, featuring the Indian-born Sabu, and wondered whether he could some day make films in Hollywood with Indian artists. "I knew I had to be in the movies—but what if I didn't succeed?" That fear led him to study business management at New York University.

New York has been his home for more than three decades now, but his films have been shot in Asia, America and Europe. His first movies, including *Shakespeare Wallah*, were made in India; *Autobiography of a Princess*, featuring Madhur Jaffrey and James Mason, was shot in India and England; then came a crop of films made in America, including *The Bostonians*. He returned to Europe



The long-established "nuclear family" of James Ivory, Ruth Jhabvala and Ismail Merchant.

to make *A Room with a View*, *Maurice*, *Howards End* and *The Remains of the Day*.

"In deciding to do a film, our main concern is to find a compelling subject that illumines human character," he says. "And invariably we have chosen published works of very high merit. As much as I am proud of making these films, I am also proud of putting together our team, of Ruth, Jim and myself." The team is reportedly the longest-lasting association of a producer, writer and director. "If there is any other team like Merchant-Ivory anywhere else in the world I would be surprised," says Vanessa Redgrave, who has acted in three of Merchant's films. Richard Corliss, the *Time* magazine critic, calls Merchant, Ivory and Jhabvala "a nuclear family, a multinational corporation and a tight little island of quality cinema".

"Can you imagine a stranger set-up?" says Merchant. "Here is Jim, an Irish American; here is Ruth, born of Jewish parents in Germany and married to an Indian architect; and here I am, Ismail, born of a Muslim family in India." Ivory comments: "We are like the government of the USA; sometimes I'm the president, he's the Congress and she's the Supreme Court." All read books voraciously.

Not all of Merchant's films have succeeded and won fame. *The Deceivers*, based on a John Masters classic, was a resounding flop; so was *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*, adapted from a novella by Carson McCullers. And yet Merchant has managed to put the failures behind him and has embarked on new ventures after successfully wooing his backers.

"If I call a financier and he doesn't return my calls," he says, "I don't get

upset. I'll call him back 10 times if I have to. I'll speak with his secretary and charm her into calling me by my first name. Eventually, I'll get to the boss."

Often he goes to see his prospect unannounced. "Once I get to the office I am like an elephant. The financier sees me through the glass. He cannot shift me. He sees me gently swaying. He hopes I will go away. But I won't. Then he thinks I may crash through. So he lets me in."

This audacious attitude has marked Merchant's career ever since he arrived in New York in 1957. A fan of Paul Newman, he gatecrashed into the actor's dressing-room after seeing *Sweet Bird of Youth* on Broadway and introduced himself. Not satisfied with the brief encounter, Merchant waited outside the theatre to get another glimpse of the actor. When Newman saw him, the actor offered to drop him at his house. Merchant expected Newman to have a car. But the actor motioned him to his motorcycle, and said, "Hop on". The two did not meet again for 27 years. By then Merchant's *A Room with a View* had consolidated his reputation, and the actress Joanne Woodward sent word that she and her husband, Newman, wanted to be in a Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala film. The result was *Mr and Mrs Bridge*, a sensitively-made film about an American Midwestern family.

"When I met Paul Newman to discuss the film, one of the first things I did was to remind him of the motorcycle ride," Merchant says. Newman remembered the encounter. "Ah, you are the crazy Indian," he replied.

Merchant's admiration for Hollywood had begun to wear off at about the time of his first encounter with Newman, when he started to discover the vibrant European cinema of such directors as Ingmar Bergman and Vittorio De Sica. Their films convinced him that he should be an independent film-maker outside Hollywood.

He began his film career in 1960 by producing *The Creation of a Woman*, a 14-minute film that used Indian classical dance and music to present a dilemma: Adam finds that he can live neither with Eve nor without her. It was directed by Charles Schwes, a friend at the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, where Merchant had worked briefly as an account executive trainee.

The film won an Oscar nomination, travelled to Cannes and attracted good reviews. A few months later Merchant met James Ivory, who had just made a short movie, *The Sword and Flute*, on Indian miniature paintings. Merchant's liking for Ivory went beyond the appreciation of his film: "I realised that he

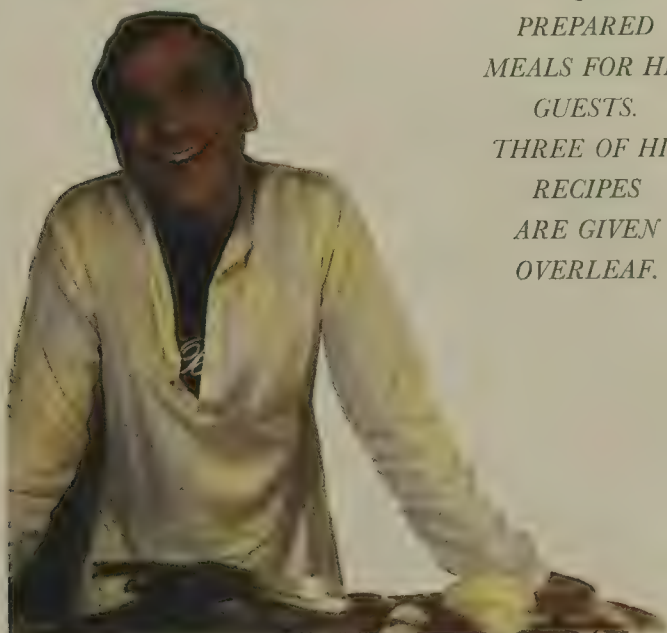


related to India not in a dry, academic way but with understanding."

Soon the two formed a company, and Merchant suggested that they film *The Householder*, Ruth Praver Jhabvala's novel about a middle-class Indian family. When Merchant flew to New Delhi to ask the novelist to write the script, he found her almost impossible to track down. After several failed efforts to reach her, he telephoned Jhabvala from a New Delhi railway station, pretending to be her mother-in-law, who had just arrived from Bombay on a surprise visit. Jhabvala was none too pleased with the approach but gave in after some cajoling. She has since, according to Andrew Sarris, become "perhaps the most important part of the team". A few weeks later Merchant coaxed his father, who loved horse-racing, to invest about \$800,000 in the film. Looking back, Merchant says: "I guess I have got my father's gambling instincts."

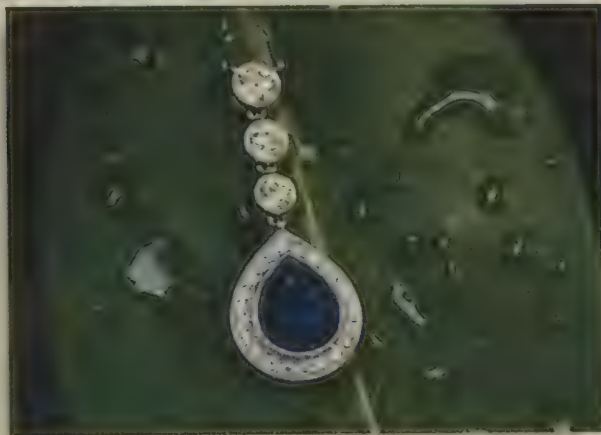
He feels it all goes back to the rally in Bombay: "The courage to face adversity, the courage to stick to one's convictions and the courage to learn from one's mistakes." And when he talks about courage, he feels that his fellow countrymen have failed to address communal problems in a direct and honest way. He was shooting *In Custody* in Bhopal when many cities across India were caught in communal violence, murders and arson.

Nobody asked Merchant to address political meetings and make the men and women weep like children; the situation was too dangerous for any such efforts. But as things cooled, Merchant joined several intercommunal groups in pleading for tolerance, sanity and a peaceful resolution of problems. "I wonder whatever happened to the dreams of Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru," he says.



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# ISMAIL'S FLAVOURS OF INDIA

Ismail Merchant has been currying favour with writers, technicians, actors and financiers for more than three decades, serving them with his own versions of Indian delicacies. However, it was in New York rather than in his native Bombay that Merchant acquired a taste for cooking.

"I hardly remember ever stepping into our kitchen at home," he says. "Cooking belonged to my mother and sister." They would never have thought, he continues, that he would one day take up cookery and write a well-received recipe book. But, as an aspiring

film producer in New York in the late 1950s, Merchant decided that he could not offer his guests hamburgers and hot dogs. "I had to please my American friends," he says, "so I taught myself all the things I wasn't allowed to do in India. I did the shopping, the cooking and serving."

But he was also determined that his food would be very simple and easily prepared. "I cook the way I make my films," he explains. "I experiment, and I cook fast. I don't have time to cook in the traditional Indian style." He enjoys marrying Indian and European herbs, maintaining

that "A master chef should be able to make a great salad out of two pieces of straw. Well, almost," he adds with a chuckle.

Among his admirers is actor and director Simon Callow. "The phrase 'to curry favour' was probably invented with Ismail in mind," wrote Callow in *Ismail Merchant's Indian Cuisine*. "He knows that the way to an actor's art is through his stomach, and he shamelessly deploys this knowledge to obtain your services, your acquiescence, your goodwill."

Merchant is never secretive about his recipes. "I can always invent a new one," he says.

## BAKED SALMON

FOR PAUL NEWMAN

"During shooting for *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* in Kansas City, a friend of Paul Newman's brought him a 10lb Alaska salmon," recalls Ismail Merchant. "Paul asked me if I could cook it. I suggested we cut the fish in two, rub each piece with the same *masala* (spices), and then bake one half in the oven and grill the other to see the difference. Paul grilled his portion, and I baked mine. We both ended up saying the other's tasted better." An exuberant Newman said: "Let's start a restaurant!" Has Merchant ever considered that? "The idea has crossed my mind several times," he says. "But I will not. There is too much work there. To me nothing matters more than making my kind of movies."

3lb/2.25kg salmon (or any firm fish), cut into 1in (2.5cm) pieces  
4tbsp Dijon mustard  
1tbsp coriander powder  
1tbsp cayenne powder  
6tbsp/130ml olive oil  
6 garlic cloves, crushed  
4tbsp lemon juice  
salt to taste

For the garnish  
2oz/50g fresh dill leaves

Heat the oven to 180°C/350°F; gas mark 4.

Rub mustard, coriander and cayenne powder, two-thirds of the olive oil, crushed garlic, lemon juice and salt over the salmon pieces; set aside for 30 minutes. Grease the surface of a large

baking-dish with the remaining oil, lay the fish in it, cover with foil and place in the oven for 12 to 15 minutes, turning the pieces over after six minutes.

Serve with white rice, garnished with dill. Serves five.

## GINGER CHICKEN

FOR ANTHONY HOPKINS

The actor worked with Ismail Merchant for the first time on the film *Havoc's Kid*. "He loved the ginger chicken I cooked for him," remembers Merchant. "It must have been good, otherwise he would not have been so pleased." Tony has been in love with Indian food since long before he worked on my film."

3lb/1.35kg boneless, skinned chicken breasts, cut into small pieces  
2tbsp vegetable oil  
2 medium-sized onions, dried  
2 garlic cloves, peeled and chopped  
2 cinnamon sticks  
2in/5cm ginger root, peeled and grated  
1 pinch saffron, stirred in 4fl oz/100ml hot water  
2tbsp freshly-ground pepper  
salt to taste  
6 tomatoes  
4tbsp vinegar

Heat the oil in a large frying-pan over medium-high heat, add the chicken pieces in three batches. As they turn brown remove them and drain on paper towels.

Stir the onions, garlic, cinnamon and ginger into the oil over medium heat, and fry until the onions turn golden. Return the chicken to the frying-pan, add the

saffron water, pepper, salt, tomatoes and vinegar and cook for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with rice. Serves five.

## TOMATO-CARAMEL

EGG CURRY

FOR JENNIFER KENDAL

The late actress, whose films include *Shakespeare in Love*, was a vegetarian, and though she never cooked she was nevertheless very discerning about Indian cuisine.

2tbsp vegetable oil  
1 medium-size onion, peeled and chopped  
1 bay leaves, crumbled  
3 large tomatoes, chopped  
1 cup vinegar  
1tbsp salt  
1tbsp cayenne powder  
1tbsp coriander seeds  
8 eggs, hard-boiled, shelled and halved  
1tbsp chopped fresh chives

Heat the oil in a saucepan over medium-low heat. When hot, add onion and bay leaves; cook until onion is tender, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes, vinegar, salt, cayenne powder and coriander seeds; simmer gently until tomatoes are soft (about 10 minutes).

Add the halved eggs; cook 2-3 minutes to heat them through. Sprinkle with the chives and serve with plain boiled rice or warm pitta bread. Serves four.

Merchant's ginger chicken, opposite, at top, delighted Anthony Hopkins during the filming of *Havoc's Kid*; his tomato-caramel egg curry, shown below, won Jennifer Kendal's favourite.



# Main Courses



We have a choice of menu (and venue) to tempt the most discerning golfer. May we first recommend our justly famous Quinta do Lago Hotel. This spectacular hotel, basking in year round sunshine, is surrounded by championship standard golf courses, offering guaranteed starting times.

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# TRAVEL SECRETS

For new, avant-garde designs or timeless classics, Paris is the place to find the best in fashion.

For those who have ever wondered where stylish Parisiennes do their shopping, Dominique Brabec and Églé Salvy have all the answers. In their new, pocket-sized book, *Paris Chic*, they guide readers to the French capital's most exciting and intriguing stores, throwing new light on classic names and, more importantly, taking dedicated shoppers to places they would never have dreamt existed. They tell you where the French woman finds those wardrobe basics that never go out of fashion, guide you to stores with cut-price designer labels and even help you to furnish your home with Gallic flair. The following selection is the authors' personal choice of favourite shops.

● **Victoire** (12 place des Victoires, I; 42 61 09 02). Talent-spotter Françoise Chassagnac never stops looking for new staff for her five Parisian shops. The Victoire style consists of very simple, easy-to-wear clothes which are distinguished by touches of creativity. Françoise has a particularly soft spot for Moschino and Dolce e Gabbana of Italy, Belgian designers from Antwerp, Hartford's T-shirts and embroidered silk shirts, and the American designer Donna Karan.

● **Maria Luisa** (2 rue Cambon, I; 47 03 96 15). Maria Luisa set up shop in a rather "couture" area more or less by accident, since this young, enthusiastic Venezuelan is more of a "street chic" sort of girl. Her selection of clothes and accessories is with-it but not over the top. She sells the young avant-garde designer Olivier Guillemain, Marcel Marongiu for his restrained daring, Corinne Cobson, Martine Sitbon and many more. Just as impressive is the warm welcome you receive on entering the shop.

● **Absinthe** (74-76 rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, I; 42 33 54 44). A pretty, petite woman whose face is framed in a mass of black curls, Marthe Desmoulin is a true original. So is her shop, with its natural wood floor, purple velvet armchairs and sofas highlighted in lime green, where a startling mixture of avant-garde hats and clothes can be found.



The "Golden Triangle" contains a rich treasure trove of fashion.

● **Hémisphères** (22 avenue de la Grande-Armée, XVII; 42 67 61 96). Brings together sophisticated fashion gleaned from around the world. Embroidered T-shirts, chambray shirts, exquisite women's blouses and skin-tight, well-cut trousers.

● **Light** (92 avenue des Champs-Élysées, VIII; 43 59 83 72). This is a strange place, full of the clutter, muddle and tourists you often find in shops on the Champs-Élysées. This organised chaos conceals couturiers' slightly cheaper clothes, the best designs from Kookai and a very good selection of cocktail dresses. The really astute business decision was to maintain a permanent sale corner including clothes from all the best designers; the shop is always full.

● **Marina de Bourbon** (112 boulevard de Courcelles, XVII; 47 63 42 01). Princess Marina de Bourbon-Parme, a former antiques-dealer, and her partner, Jean-Pierre Lopez, took a gamble by opening a shop that sells only things to their own taste. By a stroke of good luck their joint passions for art, unusual objects and travel are shared by their customers. The stock includes classic parkas and "keds", the 1920s-style sandals worn by Katharine Hepburn.

● **Meredith** (354 rue Saint-Honoré, I; 42 60 42 24). The parent shop is at 14 rue de Passy, XVI; 42 88 08 20). Barbara Gwast is the daughter of the Merediths, owners of the avant-garde fashion shop in rue de Passy. Following in the family tradition, her charming premises shelter the talents of young designers who specialise in easy-to-wear clothes.

● **APC** (4 rue de Fleurus, VI; 42 22 12 77). Just a stone's throw from the Luxembourg gardens, behind the discreet initials of the Atelier de Production et de Création, lies the definitive shop for today's fashion victims. These clothes pros have rigorously selected





## PARIS CHIC



*By shopping wisely in Paris you can transform your wardrobe.*

their stock, which includes jackets, narrow-fitting trousers, parkas and T-shirts made of soft materials in quality cuts and sophisticated colours. They have exclusive fabrics.

● **Irié** (8 rue du Pré-aux-Clercs, VII; 42 61 18 28). Ex Kenzo boy Irié was the pioneer of the rue du Pré-aux-Clercs. Without ever having to sell himself to the media, he has been able to make his personal style felt in the street and in magazines. Followers of avant-garde fashion regularly visit his white marble shop to buy well-cut jackets, soft skirts and viscose T-shirts. Low prices, perfect tailoring.

● **Chez Peinture** (18 rue du Pré-aux-Clercs, VII; 45 48 18 52). Anita Saada has been selling Liberty prints for years and the public never grows tired of them. She also offers wool-lace shawls and cotton shawls in 45 different shades from Nottingham.

● **Kashiyama** (147 boulevard Saint-Germain, VI; 46 34 11 50 and 22 boulevard Raspail, VII; 46 34 11 50). This Japanese firm, founded in 1927, sells clothes from all over the world. The premises are still on the original site in the boulevard Saint-Germain, but have been impressively remodelled by architect Colombe Stevens. The manageress buys in the most fêted of today's international designers, including Rifat Ozbek and Sybilla, whose clothes hang alongside the works of young painters.

● **Zenta** (6 rue de Marignan, VIII; 42 25 72 47). Isabelle Hébéy has manipulated space and light, using distressed stucco on the walls, white wood on the floor and beech furniture, to create an appealing show-case for the work of a dozen designers, which hangs from grey clothes-rails. "I want to offer women as representative as possible from each designer," explains the manageress.

● **L'Éclaireur** (49 avenue Franklin-D.-Roosevelt, VIII; 45 62 49 15 and 84 avenue des Champs-Élysées, VIII; 45 62 18 76). Without doubt Armand Hadida is a good businessman with a great feel for fashion. Arriving from Morocco by way of Jerusalem in the 1970s, he began his career as a shop assistant at Tati. Today he sells the creations of Belgian avant-garde designers such as Ann Demeulemester, which are quite as beautiful as Hamilton Hodge's exquisite bags.

● **Mariot-Chanet** (32 rue de l'Échiquier, X; 48 24 37 37). Two pros hide behind this trade name—Michèle Meunier and Olivier Chatenet. They design with an eye for purity of line, and for detail and *trompe-l'œil* effects. Michèle was trained by Karl Lagerfeld when he worked for Chanel, and Olivier by Alaïa and Mugler. They have opened their first showroom-shop in a former workroom. You need to look out for it because there is no sign on the door, and in the evening and at weekends you have to key in 0134A to enter this sanctum.

● **Parvine Farmanfarmaï** (15 rue Royale, VIII; 47 42 48 21). Parisians do not hesitate to climb the 73 steep stairs that lead to the most beautiful silk shirts and dressy blouses in Paris. Parvine updates her collection every two months and if a fabric does not appeal to you she will make a garment up specially from a different batch at no extra charge. There is also a selection of skirts.

● **Blandine d'Alton** (39 rue Volta, III; 40 29 94 27). She studied at the École de la Chambre syndicale de la Couture before working for a brief period with Hanaë Mori, and since then has gained an enormous following for her waisted suits. Be warned that it is difficult to park in the République district, where her second-floor studio is located.

● **Cornille-Léotard** (8 rue Guichard, XVI; 45 20 28 02). It is worth making a detour to get to the designs of Valérie Cornille and Dominique de Léotard. At the far end of a courtyard in the Muette district can be found their doll's house with daywear outfits that may be worn as ensembles or as separates. Valérie and Dominique often make up the same design in different fabrics and colours.

● **Isabelle Allard** (420 rue Saint-Honoré, VIII; 47 03 49 58). The beautiful Isabelle and her sister Dominique de Tournemire receive their customer-friends in their showroom. Isabelle shows two collections annually and her specialties are wrap-over sheath dresses and evening ensembles.


● **Anne de Thézy** (28 rue Ernest-Renan, XV; 45 67 27 63). Trained as a biologist, she has always been fascinated by chiffon. In her atelier she chiefly works in silk and also designs wedding dresses.

*Paris Chic*, by Dominique Brabec and Églé Salvy, is published by Thames & Hudson, price £8.95.





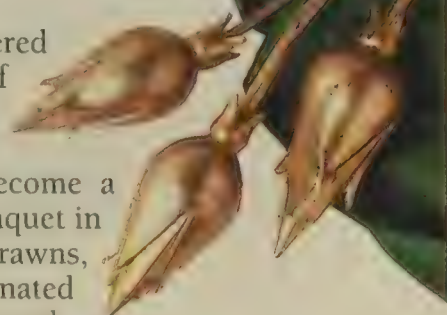
# THAILAND COMES TO HARRODS



Winged pavilions reach skywards, swathes of shimmering silk catch the light from paper lanterns, Thai women dressed in traditional costume greet visitors with fresh orchids. No, this is not Bangkok, but central London – at the world's most famous store. This autumn, all the sights, sounds and scents of the exotic Far East will arrive at Harrods, as part of a five-week celebration of Thailand, the Land of Golden Opportunities. The Central Hall will be transformed into a bustling Thai market, with the finest merchandise arrayed in a setting inspired by the Ancient City near Bangkok. Wooden carts and wheelbarrows will overflow with lacquered umbrellas, exquisite wooden carvings and figurines, hilltribe baskets and fabrics, ceramics and a wealth of other colourful, unusual artefacts. Each piece, specially selected with the help of the Thai Ministry of Commerce, Department of Export, is hand-made by some of Thailand's most skilled craftsmen.



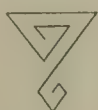
The Thai theme will be continued through additional displays scattered across Harrods Second and Third Floors. But one of the highlights of the event will be the food specialities displayed in the Traiteur department. Thai cooking is recognised as one of the world's great cuisines, and following the event these delicacies will become a permanent feature of Harrods famous Food Halls. Enjoy a Thai banquet in your own home with ready-made dishes such as green curry with prawns, aubergine and Thai fried noodles, mini monkfish cakes and marinated prawns in wine. Counters will be piled high with carved fruit and vegetables prepared by Harrods own Thai chef.



## A TASTE OF THAILAND

Harrods Gourmet Club, for food and drink enthusiasts, is dedicated to introducing its members to the finest examples of cooking from around the world. Thai food is the subject of one of its next events, when the Club dedicates a day to introducing Harrods Gold Card holders to the finer points of Thai cuisine's unique flavours and spices. Following a champagne reception in the Georgian restaurant, Miss Piengchom Darbanand, Executive Chef for the Imperial Hotel group, will give a talk and cooking demonstration. Guests will also enjoy a traditional Thai lunch, and receive an exclusive offer to dine in style at the Khun Akorn Thai restaurant in Knightsbridge.

The Gourmet Club's Taste of Thailand is on Thursday, 30th September. Tickets for the day-long event are available from the Club at £35 per person. Through the pages of its newsletter, Table Talk, the Club is also offering its members the chance to enter an exclusive competition to win a luxury 14-day gourmet holiday in Thailand. For further information please contact the Gourmet Club on 071-225 5852.

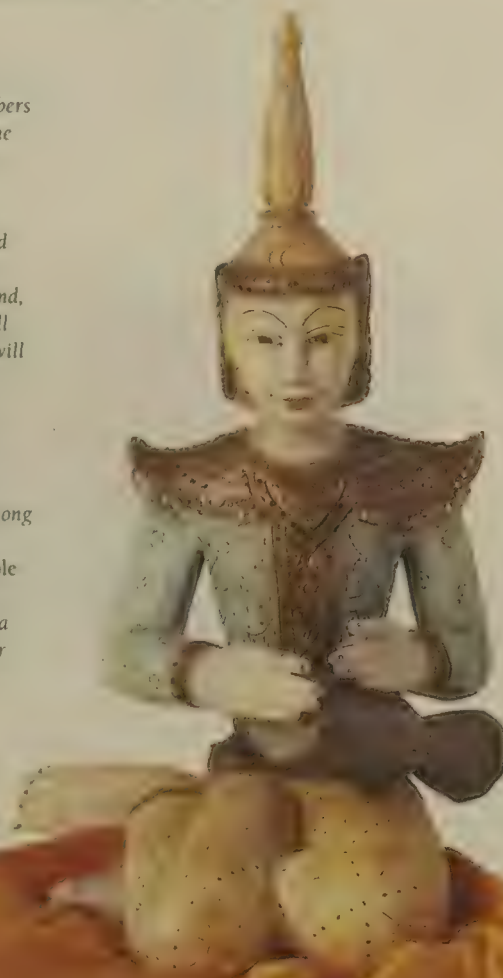


*If all of the above whets your appetite for travel, make your way to the Thai Airways tourist desk in the Central Hall, where you'll find full details on how to make Thailand your next holiday destination. Your Thai holiday can be booked at Thomas Cook, Lower Ground Floor.*

**Thailand: the Land of Golden Opportunities. At Harrods from Saturday, 4th September until Saturday 9th October, 1993.**



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ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF LONDON'S  
MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS

# BEST OF AUTUMN

## THEATRE

**David Hare's trilogy exploring major British institutions, begun with *Racing Demon* & *Murmuring Judges*, is now completed with *The Absence of War*. All three are at the National with the whole trilogy seen on six Saturdays in October & November. At the Almeida is the première of Harold Pinter's *Moonlight*.**

*Addresses & telephone numbers are given on the first occasion a theatre's entry appears.*

**The Absence of War.** David Hare's new play examining British politics features John Thaw as a Labour Party leader who prepares for a general election. With Michael Bryant & Clare Higgins. Richard Eyre directs. Opens Oct 2. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

**All's Well That Ends Well.** Peter Hall's Stratford production has Sophie Thompson as the doctor's daughter who cures the king but has to win the affections of the nobleman she claims as her reward. With Barbara Jefford & Toby Stephens. Opens Oct 12. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

**Arcadia.** Vintage Tom Stoppard—a champagne cocktail of literary mystery, higher mathematics & the chaos theory which is extended to landscape gardening & the conflicts of country life. Set in both early 19th & late 20th centuries, the play fizzles with verbal facility & dramatic invention. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

**Carousel.** A West End transfer for the National's exhilarating production of Rodgers & Hammerstein's musical about the unhappy marriage of a carnival barker & a mill worker. Opens Sept 10. *Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-379 5399).*

**City of Angels.** Witty musical comedy about a thriller writer in Hollywood whose fiction reflects his own life. It has a fine cast, an evocative

jazz score & a sharp, wisecracking script. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (071-839 5972).*

**Crazy for You.** A lavish, hugely entertaining reworking of the Gershwin brothers' 1930 musical *Girl Crazy*, in which a star-struck banker puts on a show to save the theatre he is meant to be closing. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (071-734 8951).*

**Hair.** Michael Bogdanov directs the 25th-anniversary production of the 60s peace-&-love musical about a straitlaced American's involvement with a group of New York hippies. Opens Sept 14. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (071-928 7616).*

**Inadmissible Evidence.** John Osborne's overlong 1964 drama is both a dream-like study of a divorce lawyer's mental disintegration & a caustic commentary on 60s England. Trevor Eve impresses in the vitriolic central role, but the play's relentlessly hectoring tone becomes wearisome. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

**An Inspector Calls.** A recast version of the National's startling & intense production of J. B. Priestley's 1945 moral thriller. With Kenneth Cranham, Julian Glover, Judy Parfitt & Sylvestra Le Touzel. *Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (071-836 6404).*

**Jamais Vu.** The latest one-man show by eccentric comic actor Ken Campbell includes his experiences with a South Pacific jungle tribe that worships the Duke of Edinburgh. Oct 8-23. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

**Lysistrata.** A lewd comedy by Aristophanes in which the women of Athens declare a sex strike until the men make peace with Sparta. Peter Hall's production is an uproariously funny affair full of double entendres & bawdy farce. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-867 1116).*

**Machinal.** A 1923 avant-garde play by American Sophie Treadwell in which a woman (Fiona Shaw) tries to break free from a mechanistic world. Stephen Daldry directs. Opens Oct 15. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*



*June is bustin' out all over for the *Carousel* company at the Shaftesbury.*

**Marvin's Room.** Alison Steadman is superb as a Florida spinster who learns she has leukaemia after a selfless life of looking after her sick relatives. An American comedy-drama which treats its subject of caring & illness with wit, compassion & offbeat humour. Opens Sept 15. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (071-867 1045).*

**Misha's Party.** A new drama by American Richard Nelson & Russian Alexander Gelman, set in a Moscow hotel during the 1991 attempted coup to topple Gorbachev. With Barry Foster, Sara Kestelman & Cheryl Campbell. *The Pit, Barbican.*

**Moonlight.** Harold Pinter's first full-length play since 1978 is directed by David Leveaux. With Ian Holm & Anna Massey. Opens Sept 7. *Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (071-359 4404).*

**The Mountain Giants.** Charles Wood completes Luigi Pirandello's unfinished 1937 play in which a troupe of actors is shown the power of theatrical illusion by a magician. A drab production that is more perplexing than intriguing & only achieves dramatic intensity in its final moments. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

**Much Ado About Nothing.** An inventively irreverent, modern-dress production of Shakespeare's comedy. Janet McTeer's gawky Beatrice & Mark Rylance's Irish Benedick make a funny, moving odd couple. Until Oct 16. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-494 5041).*

**Murmuring Judges.** David Hare's drama examining the British judiciary follows a young lawyer (Alphonsia Emmanuel) through her first case involving an Irish first-offender. Opens Oct 2. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

**Oleanna.** Harold Pinter's direction subtly handles the mounting tension in a grippingly acted drama by David Mamet in which a student (Lia Williams) accuses her professor (David Suchet) of sexism, sexual harassment & finally attempted rape. Mamet's play is provocatively written to stir up debate about the uses & abuses of political correctness. Opens

Sept 15. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122).*

**Pickwick.** Harry Secombe takes the title role in a musical version of Dickens's episodic novel. With Roy Castle & Glyn Houston. Oct 13-Nov 20. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).*

**Present Laughter.** Noël Coward's comedy becomes a sluggish farce under the direction of Tom Conti, who also stars as an actor whose private life is complicated by his close circle of friends. Conti's laid-back charm is at odds with the sprightly dialogue, but there is good support from Jenny Seagrove, Gabrielle Drake & Judy Loe as the women in his life. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-494 5067).*

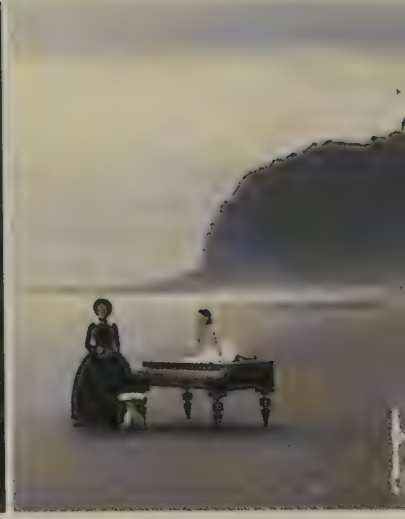
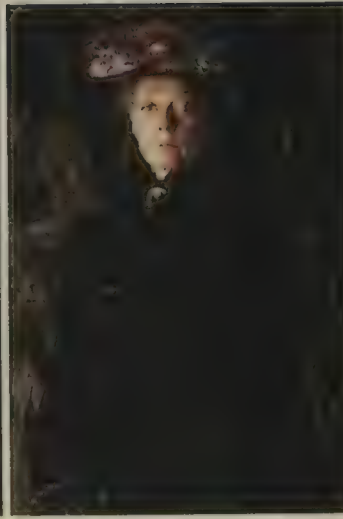
**Racing Demon.** David Hare's drama about the church has Oliver Ford Davies repeating his award-winning role as one of four London clergymen struggling to make sense of their mission in the inner city. Opens Oct 2. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

**Separate Tables.** Peter Hall directs Terence Rattigan's two muted one-act plays about love & loneliness, set in the same genteel Bournemouth hotel. The unconvincing first play, in which a long-divorced couple are reunited, is compensated for by the moving second drama about the humiliating exposure of a bogus major (subtly played by Peter Bowles). With Patricia Hodge & Rosemary Leach. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-867 1115).*

**She Stoops to Conquer.** Peter Hall's production of Goldsmith's Restoration farce in which a squire's country house is mistaken for an inn. With David Essex, Donald Sinden. Miriam Margolyes & Emily Morgan. Opens in mid-Oct. *Queen's.*

**Sunset Boulevard.** Andrew Lloyd Webber's stylishly staged musical adaptation of Billy Wilder's 1950 film sentimentalises the sardonic original. Patti LuPone sings superbly but is too young to convince as the forgotten silent-movie star attempting a comeback. Trevor Nunn directs. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (071-344 0055).*





Patti LaPone & Kevin Anderson in *Sunset Boulevard*. Antony Sher plays *Tamburlaine*. Maggie Smith in *The Secret Garden*. A key change in *The Piano*.

**Sweeney Todd.** Stephen Sondheim's dark musical, based on Christopher Bond's play, is a revenge story of high drama, low comedy & grand guignol that amuses & shocks. Alan Armstrong is a chilling barber & Julia McKenzie is magnificent as his pie-making accomplice, Mrs Lovett. Until Oct 19. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*. **Tamburlaine the Great.** Christopher Marlowe's two-part Elizabethan epic is made into one three-hour drama in Adrian Noble's production. Antony Sher plays the 14th-century mighty conqueror. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891)*.

**The Taming of the Shrew.** Shakespeare's battle of the sexes has Anton Lesser & Amanda Harris as the lovers. Bill Alexander directs. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

**Thérèse Raquin.** Julia Bardsley adapts & directs Emile Zola's novel about an illicit love affair which leads to murder. With Anastasia Hille & Rory Edwards. Opens Sept 21. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (071-928 6363)*.

**Time of My Life.** Alan Ayckbourn mixes comedy & melancholy effectively in his play about the family tensions at a birthday celebration seen from different perspectives in the past, present & future. Anton Rodgers & Gwen Taylor lead a strong cast. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (071-836 9987)*.

**Travels with My Aunt.** Giles Havergal's eccentric adaptation of Graham Greene's novel is less a play & more a *tour de force* of comic acting by a cast of four. *Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, SW1 (071-867 1119)*.

**Travesties.** Tom Stoppard's 1974 philosophical comedy about a British consular official (Antony Sher) in 1917 Zurich & his involvement with Lenin, James Joyce & Dada founder Tristan Tzara. Opens Sept 16. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

**The Two Gentlemen of Verona.** David Thacker's entertaining production, complete with on-stage palm court orchestra, sets Shakespeare's early romantic comedy in 1930s high society for its story of one man's pur-

suit of his best friend's girl. Sept 23-Oct 21. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

**Wallenstein.** Two plays from Schiller's trilogy about Emperor Ferdinand II's general during the Thirty Years' War are condensed into a single drama by Tim Albery. With Ken Bones & Barbara Jefford. Opens Sept 15. *The Pit, Barbican*.

#### RECOMMENDED LONG RUNNERS

**Blood Brothers,** *Phoenix (071-867 1044)*; **Buddy,** *Victoria Palace (071-834 1317)*; **Cats,** *New London (071-405 0072)*; **Five Guys Named Moe,** *Lyric (071-494 5045)*; **Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,** *Palladium (071-494 5020)*; **Les Misérables,** *Palace (071-434 0909)*; **Miss Saigon,** *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (071-494 5001)*; **The Mousetrap,** *St Martin's (071-836 1443)*; **The Phantom of the Opera,** *Her Majesty's (071-494 5400)*; **Starlight Express,** *Apollo Victoria (071-630 6262)*; **The Woman in Black,** *Fortune (071-836 2238)*.

#### OUT OF TOWN

**RSC season at Stratford:** At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *King Lear*, directed by Adrian Noble, with Robert Stephens. *The Merchant of Venice*, directed by David Thacker, with David Calder as Shylock. *The Tempest*, directed by Sam Mendes, with Alec McCowen as Prospero. *Love's Labours Lost*, directed by Ian Judge, opens Oct 27. At the Swan Theatre: *Murder in the Cathedral* by T.S. Eliot, directed by Steven Pimlott. *The Venetian Twins* by Carlo Goldoni in a new version by Ranjit Bolt. *The Country Wife* by Wycherley, directed by Max Stafford-Clark. *Elgar's Rondo* by David Pownall, with Alec McCowen as Edward Elgar, opens Oct 26. At The Other Place: *Ghosts* by Henrik Ibsen, directed by Katie Mitchell, with Jane Lapotaire & Simon Russell Beale. *Moby Dick*, with David Calder as Captain Ahab, opens Oct 28. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick's CV37 6BB (0789 295623)*.

## CINEMA

**Clint Eastwood is impressive as a jaded presidential bodyguard in the thriller *In the Line of Fire*. Tom Hanks & Meg Ryan are romantically paired but meet up only fleetingly in *Sleepless in Seattle*. Jane Campion's *The Piano* features Holly Hunter in 19th-century New Zealand.**

**Dennis (PG).** John Hughes, the mind behind *Home Alone*, unleashes another nightmarish American child on the public, this time based on the American comic-strip *Dennis the Menace*. The live-action Dennis is played by seven-year-old Mason Gamble, with Walter Matthau as the long-suffering neighbour.

**The Firm (15).** Tom Cruise plays a hotshot Harvard law graduate who is recruited by a Memphis law practice on a gigantic salary & numerous perks, only to discover that the primary business is money-laundering for the Mafia. Once he is involved there is no escape. The cast, which includes Gene Hackman, Hal Holbrook, Jeanne Tripplehorn & Ed Harris, is strong, but the screenplay, based on John Grisham's novel, is riddled with improbabilities. Sidney Pollack directs. Opens Sept 10.

**The Fugitive (12).** In the 1960s TV series of the same title David Janssen played a man who was seen week after week attempting to catch up with his wife's murderer, while himself fleeing from the law. The character is now played by Harrison Ford, who escapes from a prison bus & embarks on the search for the killer. Opens Sept 24.

**In the Line of Fire (15).** Clint Eastwood is excellent in an absorbing political thriller as an unorthodox secret service agent whose job it is to protect the US president, but who is haunted by his failure to protect John F. Kennedy in 1963. Eastwood finds himself up against not only wary

superiors but a mocking foe & master of disguise (John Malkovich) who lives only to kill the president. The climax, in the architecturally astonishing Bonaventure hotel in Los Angeles, is spectacular.

**Jurassic Park (PG).** Steven Spielberg's latest block-buster is his version of Michael Crichton's best-selling novel. Richard Attenborough makes a welcome return to acting in the key role of a billionaire who backed DNA experiments that have led to the regeneration of dinosaur species that were extinct before the arrival of mankind. The world's most astonishing theme park is established on a remote island where prehistoric creatures wander freely, triggering a spectacular crisis. The special effects are breath-taking; competing with them are Sam Neill & Laura Dern.

**Made in America (12).** Single, career woman Whoopi Goldberg's black teenage daughter (Nia Long) discovers that her origin was the consequence of artificial insemination. She later learns that her father is a white used-car dealer (Ted Danson). A good-natured comedy that says more about racial harmony than many serious works.

**Much Ado About Nothing (PG).** Bright Italian sunlight washes the screen of Kenneth Branagh's lively film in which he also plays Benedick to Emma Thompson's Beatrice. The setting is the Villa Vignamaggio in Tuscany; the young lovers are played by Robert Sean Leonard & Kate Beckinsale. Denzel Washington is Don Pedro & Keanu Reeves the villainous Don John, with Michael Keaton as an idiosyncratic Dogberry. The pace is sometimes as fast as 1930s screwball comedy, but the change of mood in the wedding scene is acutely painful, giving the light-hearted comedy a sharp cutting edge.

**Performance (18).** A new print of the 1970 film directed by Donald Cammell & Nicolas Roeg reveals it to be one of the seminal British films of its day, particularly in the staccato





Eastwood discovers he is *In the Line of Fire*. Law & disorder for Tripplehorn & Cruise in *The Firm*. Cathryn Pope sings in ENO's *Figaro's Wedding*.

style of its editing. James Fox plays a gangster fleeing from his peers after double-crossing them & hides in the Notting Hill house of a retired rock star, played by Mick Jagger.

**The Piano** (15). Jane Campion's third film, acclaimed at Cannes, confirms the remarkable talent she showed with *An Angel at My Table*. It is set in a remote corner of mid-19th-century New Zealand, with Holly Hunter playing a mute Scotswoman who arrives with her nine-year-old daughter to make an arranged marriage with a landowner, Sam Neill. His estate manager, Harvey Keitel, offers to retrieve her piano in exchange for music lessons which lead to a full-blooded affair. The acting & direction brilliantly heighten the dramatic sense. Opens Oct 29.

**Raining Stones** (15). A chronically unemployed man in a depressing town in the Mancunian hinterland is determined to buy a communion dress for his daughter, & falls foul of the local loan shark. Ken Loach's film paints a bleak view of the post-Thatcher years & the desperate condition of its victims, but there is much good humour to relieve an otherwise depressing story. Opens Oct 8.

**Rising Sun** (18). Michael Crichton's novel on ruthless Japanese corporate methods infiltrating the American business world has been modified for the screen to avoid offending diplomatic sensibilities. Sean Connery is on top form as a maverick Los Angeles police captain & scholar of Japanese traditions. He takes on the qualities of a *samurai* to solve the bizarre killing of a call-girl on the opening night of a Japanese corporation's Los Angeles skyscraper. It may surprise some to see how video recordings can be doctored, a key part of the plot. Opens Oct 15.

**The Secret Garden** (U). A new version of the Frances Hodgson Burnett novel, previously filmed in 1949 & 1987. Kate Maberley plays the orphaned girl who discovers a neglected, walled garden on her

uncle's Yorkshire estate, & transforms it with the help of two local boys. Maggie Smith plays the housekeeper. Opens Oct 15.

**Sleepless in Seattle** (PG). A gentle romantic comedy written & directed by Nora Ephron. A Baltimore reporter (Meg Ryan) hears a young widower (Tom Hanks) in Seattle talking on an evening radio phone-in show about his failure to adjust to the loss of his wife. Although on the verge of marriage to a safe, dull man, Ryan falls in love with the voice & resolves to meet its owner. Opens Sept 24.

**This Boy's Life** (15). An autobiographical novel by Tobias Wolff is the source of Michael Caton Jones's sensitively directed film set in the 1950s. Leonardo DiCaprio plays an American youth with a divorced mother (Ellen Barkin) who decides to marry a persistent suitor (Robert De Niro) to give her son the benefit of a fatherly presence. De Niro's portrayal of an overbearing, ignorant bully, desperately jealous of the boy's intelligence, is one of the best of his recent performances. Opens Sept 24.

**Tina: What's Love Got to Do With It?** (18). Angela Bassett plays the rock 'n' roll star Tina Turner during her formative years in St Louis followed by her meeting with musician Ike Turner (Laurence Fishburne) in 1956 which led to her initial success as a singer. The usual rags-to-riches processes of stardom are punctuated by scenes showing the devastating emotional toll of her association with Ike. Bassett's impersonation is creditable enough; the real Tina supplies the vocals in Brian Gibson's film. Opens Sept 17.

**The Young Americans** (18). A vigorous thriller in which Harvey Keitel plays a New York policeman on attachment in London to combat drugs. The style of the film, directed by Danny Cannon, leans heavily on its Hollywood counterparts, but the effect of transplanting an American thriller ambience to Soho & Wapping is unsatisfactory. Opens Oct 8.

## OPERA

**The Royal Opera** reopens with *Madama Butterfly* & later stages a new production of *Die Meistersinger*. **English National** offers a new *Bohème*. **The Glyndebourne** tour includes an opera by Siegfried Matthus; **Opera Factory** performs a musical version of *The Bacchae*; **Channel 4** has three new one-act operas.

### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

*London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 3161/071-240 5258).*

**Simon Boccanegra**. Gregory Yurisch sings the title role in David Alden's production, with Janice Cairns as Amelia & John Connell as Fiesco. Sept 1,4,8,10,14,17,22,24.

**Street Scene**. Kurt Weill's music drama about the harsh realities of life in a New York tenement in the 1930s. Josephine Barstow sings the central role. Sept 2,3,9,11,16,23,28.

**La Bohème**. Music director Sian Edwards conducts a new production by Steven Pimlott. The role of Mimi is shared by Roberta Alexander & Rosalind Sutherland, Rodolfo by John Hudson & David Owen. Sept 15,18,21,25,27,30, Oct 2(m&e),5,7,9(m&e),12,15,20,23,27.

**The Rape of Lucretia**. Jean Rigby is Lucretia, Peter Coleman-Wright Tarquinius; David Parry conducts. Sept 29, Oct 1,6,8,11,14,21.

**The Barber of Seville**. Alan Opie sings the title role, with Louise Winter as Rosina & Paul Nilon as Count Almaviva. Oct 13,16,19,22,26,29.

**Figaro's Wedding**. Sian Edwards conducts Graham Vick's colourful & fast-moving staging; Arwel Huw Morgan sings Figaro, with Cathryn Pope as Susanna. Oct 28,30,Nov 3,5.

### OPERA FACTORY

*Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).*

**The Bacchae**. New version of Euripides's play, by the American poet C.K. Williams, with music by

Iannis Xenakis, directed by David Freeman. Sept 1,2,4,5,6,7,9,10,11,12.

### ROYAL OPERA

*Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066).*

**Madama Butterfly**. A return, in Sophie Fedorovitch's much-loved traditional sets, with Diana Soviero as Cio-Cio San; Neil Shicoff & Arthur Davies share the role of Pinkerton; Carlo Rizzi conducts. Sept 11,14,17,20,23,25,29,Oct 2,6,9.

**L'Italiana in Algeri**. Marilyn Horne sings the title role, with Bruce Ford as Lindoro, in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's designs; Carlo Rizzi conducts. Sept 18,22,24,27,30, Oct 4,7.

**Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg**. Graham Vick directs a new production, designed by Richard Hudson & conducted by Bernard Haitink. John Tomlinson sings Hans Sachs, with Nancy Gustafson as Eva, Gösta Winbergh as Walther; Thomas Allen as Beckmesser. Oct 8,13,16,Nov 4,8,13.

**Mitridate, rè di Ponto**. Graham Vick's brilliantly conceived, award-winning production returns with most of the original cast, headed by Ann Murray as Sifare, Bruce Ford as Mitridate & Jochen Kowalski as Farnace. Oct 15,18,20,22,Nov 1,3.

**Eugene Onegin**. A new cast, headed by Dmitri Hvorostovsky as Onegin, for John Cox's recent staging in Timothy O'Brien's starkly unevocative sets. Mark Ermler conducts. Oct 21,25,28,Nov 2,6,9,11.

### TRAVELLING OPERA

*Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

**Carmen**, Sept 3,4,8,9. **The Barber of Seville**, Sept 5. **La Bohème**, Sept 7,10,11.

### GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

*Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).*

**La clemenza di Tito**. Nicholas Hytner's arresting neo-classical production has Nigel Robson in the title role, Anne Williams-King as Vitellia. Sept 16,20,28, Oct 1,6.

**Don Giovanni**. Peter Hall's 1977 production is revived by David Massarella & conducted by Louis Langrée. Simon Keenlyside sings





Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* opens the Royal Opera season. Sylvie Guillem dances with the Royal Ballet. Cecilia Bartoli gives a concert at the Barbican.

Giovanni, with Steven Page as Leporello. Sept 21, 24, 29, Oct 5, 8.

**Cornet Christoph Rilke's Songs of Love & Death.** Siegfried Matthus's opera, based on Rainer Maria Rilke's poem about his 17th-century ancestor, produced by Aidan Lang. Oct 4, 7, 9.

*Theatre Royal, Norwich* (0603 630000), Oct 12-16. *Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 267222), Oct 19-23. *Palace, Manchester* (061-242 2503), Oct 26-30. *Apollo, Oxford* (0865 244544), Nov 2-6.

#### OPERA NORTH

*Grand Theatre, Leeds* (0532 459351).

**The Love for Three Oranges.** Richard Jones's surreally entertaining production, with scratch 'n' sniff audience cards. Sept 18, 22, 24, Oct 1, 6, 9.

**La Bohème.** Phyllida Lloyd's 1950s-style staging, with Juliet Booth as Mimi, conducted by Stefano Ranzani. Sept 27, Oct 5.

**Tamburlaine.** Christopher Robson sings the title role, with Philip Langridge as Bajazet, in Philip Prowse's production. Oct 2, 4, 7, 8.

*Empire, Sunderland* (091-514 2517), Oct 12-16. *Palace, Manchester* (061-242 2503), Oct 19-23. *Theatre Royal, Nottingham* (0602 482626), Oct 26-30.

#### WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

*New Theatre, Cardiff* (0222 394844).

**Falstaff.** Donald Maxwell repeats his fine portrayal of the fat knight in Peter Stein's staging. Sept 11, 16, 24.

**Lucia di Lammermoor.** Janice Watson sings the title role in Rennie Wright's new production. Sept 17, 22, 25.

**Eugene Onegin.** Anthony Michaels-Moore as Alwyn Mellor as Tatyana. Sept 23.

*Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 267222), Sept 28-Oct 2. *Mayflower, Southampton* (0703 229771), Oct 5-9. *Empire, Liverpool* (051-709 1555), Oct 12-16.

*Grand Theatre, Swansea* (0792 475715), Oct 19-23.

#### CHANNEL 4

Three pieces commissioned for television: **The Empress**, by Orlando Gough; Sept 26. **Camera**, by Anthony Moore; Oct 3. **Horse Opera**, by Stewart Copeland; Oct 10.

## DANCE

The opening of the Royal Ballet season brings the French ballerina Sylvie Guillem back to London in a new work by Forsythe, & the Birmingham company presents David Bintley's new production of *Sylvia*. Modern dance in many styles is performed for **Dance Umbrella & Vivarta**.

**Dance Umbrella.** The latest in contemporary dance, includes Batsheva Dance Company from Israel in *Mabul Flood*, Oct 12, 13. Siobhan Davies Dance Company in two programmes, including the London première of *Wanting to Tell Stories*, to music by Kevin Volans, Oct 15-17. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1* (071-928 8800).

**Jiving Lindy Hoppers & Stan Tracey** Octet combine new music & new choreography in *Portrait Plus Dance & Amanda Suite*. Sept 24, 25. *Queen Elizabeth Hall*.

**Royal Ballet.** Quadruple bill: new ballets by Matthew Hart & William Tuckett, a new production of William Forsythe's *Herman Schmerman*, danced by Sylvie Guillem & Jonathan Cope, & MacMillan's *Different Drummer*; Oct 23, 26, 27. MacMillan's *Romeo & Juliet*; Oct 29, 30. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2* (071-240 1066).

**Vivarta**, a display of new South Asian dance, including Roger Sinha & Tim Ward Jones double bill, Yuva, Talvin Singh Band, Pan Project, Compagnie Keli, Nahid Siddiqui & Company. Sept 22-Oct 2. *The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1* (071-387 0031).

#### OUT OF TOWN

**Birmingham Royal Ballet.** Choreographer David Bintley's new production of *Sylvia*, Delibes's ballet score to a story from Greek mythology, Oct 26, 27, Nov 5, 6 (m&c). *The Sleeping Beauty*, Peter Wright's production, designed by Philip Prowse, Oct 29, 30 (m&c). Nov 1, 2 (m). *Hippodrome, Birmingham* (021-622 7486).

## MUSIC

The Promenade Concerts reach their ebullient climax under the baton of Barry Wordsworth. Mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli gives an eagerly-awaited concert at the Barbican. Pierre Boulez launches the LSO Messiaen commemoration & a weekend is devoted to Grieg. The South Bank celebration of the Czech republic's music ranges from the 18th century to the present day.

#### ALBERT HALL

*Kensington Gore, SW7* (071-589 8212). 99th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 11, 7.30pm, unless otherwise stated.

**The English Concert & Choir.** Trevor Pinnock directs Mozart's Coronation Mass, excerpts from Solemn Vespers, Symphonies Nos 31 (Paris) & 38 (Prague). Sept 1.

**Asko Ensemble.** Jonathan Nott conducts the Amsterdam-based ensemble in Francesconi, Ligeti, Ferneyhough, Varèse. Sept 2, 10pm.

**Austro-Hungarian Haydn Orchestra, BBC Singers.** Adam Fischer conducts Haydn's Symphony No 97 & choral works, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3, with Stefan Vladar. Sept 3.

**Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the New Company.** Frans Brüggen conducts Haydn's Symphony No 104 (London), Beethoven's Symphony No 9 (Choral). Sept 5.

**City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.** Simon Rattle conducts Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony No 1, Mozart's Piano Concerto No 24, with Maurizio Pollini, Stravinsky's ballet *Pulcinella*, Sept 6; Debussy's *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Ida Haendel, first London performance of Goldschmidt's *Ciaconna sinfonica*, Nielsen's Symphony No 5; Sept 7. **BBC Symphony Orchestra,**

**Chorus & Singers.** Barry Wordsworth conducts the traditional last-night works by Elgar, Wood, Arne & Parry preceded by novelties by Holst, Delius, Lord Berners, Vaughan Williams & others. Sept 11. *Barbican Hall, Silk St, EC2* (071-638 8891).

**English Chamber Orchestra.** Pinchas Zukerman is conductor & violin soloist in Mozart's Violin Concerto No 5 & Symphonies Nos 40 & 41, Sept 12; Colin Davis conducts Mozart's overture to *Così fan tutte*, Piano Concerto No 25, with Richard Goode, Serenade for 13 wind instruments, Oct 5; 7.30pm.

**Cecilia Bartoli**, mezzo-soprano, sings arias by Handel & Vivaldi, with the Academy of Ancient Music, under Christopher Hogwood, Sept 16, 7.30pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Britten's Four Sea Interludes from *Peter Grimes*, Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, Nielsen's Symphony No 5, Sept 23; a Bernstein programme, Sept 26; Knussen's Symphony No 3, Mozart's Concertos for Two Pianos & Three Pianos, with Katia & Marielle Labèque, & Thomas himself as third soloist, Tchaikovsky's Overture to *Romeo & Juliet*, Sept 30; 7.30pm.

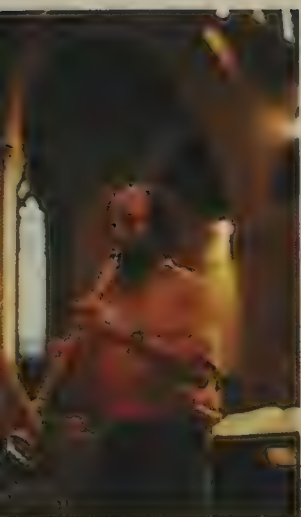
**Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra.** Alexander Lazarev conducts Tchaikovsky's suite from *Sleeping Beauty*, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 1, with Dmitri Alexeev, Shostakovich's Symphony No 8. Sept 27, 7.30pm.

**Czech Philharmonic Orchestra.** Vaclav Neumann conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto, with Lynn Harrell, & Symphony No 9 (From the New World), Sept 29; Libor Pesek conducts Dvořák's Overture to *The Wild Dove* & Symphony No 6, Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, with Dagmar Peckova, Oct 1; 7.30pm.

**Stephen Kovacevich**, piano, plays Beethoven & Schubert. Oct 3, 10, 4pm, Oct 20, 7.30pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Pierre Boulez conducts the first con-





Anthony Pay at Queen Elizabeth Hall. Montserrat Caballé at Festival Hall. Clarke Peters dances at Salisbury. Nicolai Gedda sings at Canterbury.

cert of a Messiaen commemoration. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

**City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Simon Rattle conducts Stravinsky's *Song of the Nightingale*, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 3, with Alexander Toradze, Szymanowski's Symphony No 3 (Song of the Night). Oct 4, 7.30pm.

**English Chamber Orchestra.** Stephanie Gonley is director & violin soloist in Pergolesi, Haydn, Vivaldi, Oct 12; Corelli, Telemann, Mozart, Vivaldi, Dvořák, Oct 26; 7.30pm.

**London Sinfonietta.** Conductor David Atherton explores the influence of earlier musical modes on 20th-century composers, from Stravinsky, Hindemith, de Falla, Richard Strauss to Knussen, Gorecki, Holloway. Oct 15, 18, 22, 7.30pm.

**Goldsmiths Choral Union, New London Orchestra.** Brian Wright conducts Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. Oct 16, 7.30pm.

**London Oriana Choir, English Baroque Orchestra.** Leon Lovett conducts Handel's *Messiah*. Oct 27, 7.30pm.

**Grieg Weekend.** Gothenberg Symphony Orchestra, pianist Lief Ove Andsnes & others perform the incidental music to Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, the UK première of the original version of the Piano Concerto, etc & contemporary Norwegian music. Oct 29-31.

DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY  
College Rd, SE21 (081-693 5254).

**Moura Lympany.** The eminent pianist plays a programme of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, Debussy in aid of the gallery. Sept 7, 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL  
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

**Orchestra of the Royal Opera House.** Carlo Rizzi conducts Tchaikovsky's Fantasy Overture *Romeo & Juliet*, Symphony No 5. Sept 12, 7.30pm.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Wagner's Prelude to *Lohengrin* & Wesendonk Lieder, with Margaret Price, soprano,

Bruckner's Symphony No 4 (Romantic). Sept 19, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Yuri Temirkanov conducts Wagner's Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, Mahler's Rückert Lieder, with Ann Murray, Shostakovich's Symphony No 10, Sept 21; Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*, Liszt's Piano Concerto No 1, with Jean-Yves Thibaudet, Sibelius's Symphony No 2, Sept 26; 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic.** Franz Welser-Möst conducts Mozart's Symphony No 34, Ravel's Piano Concerto, with Cécile Ousset. Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, Sept 23; Bruckner's Symphony No 8, Sept 30; Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, with Elizabeth Connell & Heinz Kruse, Oct 13, 6pm, Oct 16, 5pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Andrew Davis conducts a Strauss/Stravinsky series, opening with Strauss's opera *Daphne*, Sept 27, 7.30pm, also Sept 29, Oct 3, 8, 12.

**Czech Philharmonic Orchestra.** Jiří Bělohlávek conducts Smetana's *Má Vlast*, first in a series devoted to Czech music. Oct 2-26.

**Montserrat Caballé**, soprano, celebrates the 25th anniversary of her London début in recital with Manuel Burgueras, piano. Oct 9, 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic.** Jiří Bělohlávek conducts Eben's *Vox clamantis*, Dvořák's Violin Concerto, with Christian Tetzlaff, Martinů's Symphony No 6, Oct 19; Dvořák's Symphony No 8, Janáček's Glagolitic Mass, with the London Philharmonic Choir, Oct 26; 7.30pm.

**Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra.** David Willcocks conducts Delius's *Sea Drift*, Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis, Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*. Oct 20, 7.30pm.

**Alfred Brendel Concerto Series.** The eminent pianist continues his odyssey through the repertoire with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin conducts Haydn's Symphony No 98 & Liszt's Piano Concerto No 2, Oct 21; Michael

Schönwandt conducts Dvořák's Symphony No 6 & Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, Oct 27; Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts Haydn's Symphony No 53 & Schoenberg's Piano Concerto, Nov 4; 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL  
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

**Willard White** sings bass arias with the London Festival Orchestra, under Ross Pople, in a Mozart programme of operatic & orchestral music. Sept 28, 7.45pm.

**Glinka State Choir of St Petersburg.** Set up in 1479 by Ivan III, the *a capella* group performs Rachmaninov's Vespers & recently discovered texts of Slavonic church chant. Oct 1, 7.45pm.

**Peter Jablonski**, piano. Haydn, Chopin, Szymanowski, Debussy, Liszt. Oct 10, 3pm.

**Nash Ensemble** plays Dvořák, Martinů, Smetana, Hummel, as part of the Czech festival. Oct 10, 20, 7.45pm.

**Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.** Ivan Fischer conducts Kozeluch's Symphony in G minor, Krommer's Clarinet Concerto, with Anthony Pay, Benda's Melodrama: *Medea*, with Harriet Walter. Oct 27, 7.45pm.

**Alban Berg Quartet.** Dvořák, Janáček. Oct 24, 3pm.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE  
Catherine St, WC2 (071-494 5063).

**Bolshoi Opera Soloists.** Makvala Kasrashvili, Elena Obratzova, Oleg Kulko, Vladimir Redkin, Anatoly Safulin, with European Symphony Orchestra under Graeme Jenkins, in scenes & arias, some in costume, from operas by Tchaikovsky, Puccini, Verdi, Glinka. Sept 26, 7.30pm.

OUT OF TOWN

ISLE OF WIGHT INTERNATIONAL OBOE COMPETITION

Information: 0983 612451.

New competition for oboists. Seven semi-finalists perform in the Medina Theatre, Newport, Sept 11; three finalists play concertos by Mozart & Joseph Horowitz in Ryde Arena, Sept 12.

## FESTIVALS

**Salisbury celebrates its coming of age; Norfolk welcomes visitors from Eastern Europe. Cardiff has a political theme, Swansea a Russian bias. Canterbury has events to appeal to a range of tastes.**

### CANTERBURY FESTIVAL

More than 200 events include a puppet *Faust*, a guitar spectacular, *Messiah* from scratch, flamenco, Indian & African dance, St Petersburg State Choir, singers Victoria de los Angeles & Nicolai Gedda. Oct 9-23. Box office: St Margaret's St, Canterbury, Kent CT1 2TG (0227 455600).

### CARDIFF MUSIC FESTIVAL

The theme A Danger to the State embraces Shostakovich's Leningrad Symphony & Mervyn Burtch's *Revolt in the Valleys*. Dennis O'Neill pays tribute to Caruso, *War & Peace* is acted by a cast of three. Sept 17-Oct 9. Box office: St David's Hall, The Hayes, Cardiff CF1 2SH (0222 371236).

### NORFOLK & NORWICH FESTIVAL

An Eastern European theme brings chamber groups from Leipzig, Budapest & Prague, a play from Poland, art from Estonia, a balalaika & horseshoe supper concert & an evening with Count Dracula. Oct 7-17. Box office: Guildhall, Goul Hill, Norwich NR2 1NF (0603 764764).

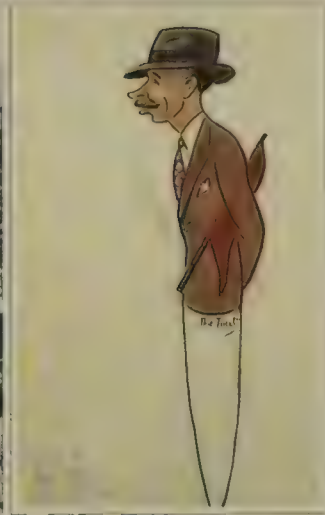
### SALISBURY FESTIVAL

The 21st festival includes works written 21 years ago & others by 21-year-old composers. Howard Goodall's music drama *Silas Marner*, a literature day & a one-act play event, walks, talks & exhibitions. Sept 3-19. Box office: Playhouse, Malthouse Lane, Salisbury SP2 7RA (0722 320333).

### SWANSEA FESTIVAL

Russian visitors include the Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra, Glinka State Choir, Shostakovich Trio & pianist Tatyana Nikolova. Also London City Ballet & English Shakespeare Company. Sept 21-Nov 7. Box office: Guildhall, Swansea SA1 APE (0792 475715).





Alphonse Mucha at the Barbican. Roy Lichtenstein, part of 20th-century American art at the Royal Academy. Bill Brandt at the Barbican. Watercolours at Spink.

## EXHIBITIONS

American art comes to town this season: the work of 20th-century US artists will be at the Royal Academy, & is followed by the portraits of Thomas Eakins at the National Portrait Gallery. The British painters Lucian Freud & Ben Nicholson enjoy London retrospectives at the Whitechapel & the Tate, & the Barbican reviews work by photographer Bill Brandt.

### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

**Alphonse Mucha.** Theatre & commercial posters, plus the Moravian artist's jewellery, sculpture & architectural designs. Sept 30-Dec 12.

**Bill Brandt: photographs 1928-83.** First major retrospective for the great British documentary photographer. Sept 30-Dec 12.

Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Sun noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions, & everybody Mon-Fri after 5pm, £2.50 (admits to both).

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555).

**Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth.** More than 200 works from the Duke of Devonshire's rich collection. Sept 24-Jan 9, 1994. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

### CATIO GALLERY

100 Heath St, Hampstead, NW3 (071-435 6660).

**Pamela Kay.** Still-life oils, & delicate watercolours. Sept 8-Oct 3. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

### THE CHELSEA GARDENER

125 Sydney St, SW3 (071-352 5656).

**Portraits of Plants.** Paintings by Emma Tennant, to be sold in aid of the National Trust's appeal to restore the landscape garden of Prior Park in Bath. Oct 6-9. Daily 10am-6pm.

### JONATHAN COOPER

Park Walk Gallery, 20 Park Walk, SW10 (071-351 0410).

**John Castle.** Watercolours of the

Lord Mayor's Show, Changing the Guard & other traditional scenes. Oct 12-30. Mon-Fri 10am-6.30pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

### COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Somerset House, Strand, WC2 (071-873 2526).

**Medieval Manuscripts from Merseyside.** Loan exhibition from various Liverpool sources. Oct 15-Nov 28. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, concessions £1.50 (includes admission to main galleries).

### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-261 0127).

**Aratjara—art of the first Australians.** Alongside traditional Aboriginal art, contemporary works show the influences of western culture on bark paintings, sculpture & body decoration. Until Oct 10. Daily 10am-6pm; Tues, Wed until 8pm. £5, concessions £3.50.

### REBECCA HOSSACK ST JAMES'S

197 Piccadilly, W1 (071-434 4401).

**Mongongo.** Paintings & prints from the African bushmen of the Kalahari. Sept 6-Oct 9. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

### IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (071-416 5321).

### The Wartime Kitchen & Garden.

How the British public helped to feed itself during the Second World War. In conjunction with a BBC television series. Oct 28-May 2, 1994. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.70, OAPs £2.65, children £1.85; free daily after 4.30pm.

### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-839 3321).

### Sainsbury Wing:

**Making & Meaning: the Wilton Diptych.** An examination of the 14th-century painting of King Richard II being presented to the Virgin & Child, accompanied by medieval manuscripts, stained glass & jewels. Sept 15-Dec 12. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (071-306 0055).

**Thomas Eakins, 1844-1916.** First exhibition in Europe of work by the renowned American portraitist. Oct 8-Jan 23, 1994. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm,

Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £3.50, concessions £2.50. See feature p42.

### NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 9123).

**Megabugs.** Giant robotic insects, including a praying mantis 60 times life size & a 12ft-long locust. Until Oct 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 11am-5.50pm. £4, OAPs & concessions £2.30, children £2.

### THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (071-799 2331).

**A King's Purchase: King George III & the collection of Consul Smith.** A selection from more than 500 paintings by Dutch, Flemish & Italian masters, sold to George III in 1762 for £20,000. Until Dec 24. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2.50, OAPs £1.80, children £1.20.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (071-439 7438).

**The Impressionist & the City: Pissarro's series paintings.** Urban landscapes of Paris, Rouen, Le Havre & Dieppe. Until Oct 10. £5, concessions £3.40.

### American Art in the 20th Century.

Painting & sculpture from 1913 to 1993. Sept 16-Dec 12. £6, concessions £4. (Advance booking on 071-240 7200 or 071-344 4444.)

**Drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum.** Masterpieces by Mantegna, Leonardo, Raphael, Goya, Dürer, Rembrandt, Rubens & many others. Oct 28-Jan 23, 1994. £4, concessions £3, children £2.

### ST JAMES'S CHURCH

Piccadilly, W1 (information 071-409 3599).

**Chris Drury.** The artist constructs a chamber of natural materials in the church's new sculpture garden. Until Nov 19. Daily 8.30am-8pm.

### SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (071-938 8080).

**How Small Can We Go?** A futuristic look at the possibilities of nanotechnology. Until Sept 26. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm. £4, concessions £2.10.

### SMITH'S GALLERIES

25 Neal St, WC2 (071-836 6253).

**Contemporary Art Society Market.** Supermarket-style shopping for work by living artists. More than 1,000 works at prices from £100 to £1,750. Nov 2-7. Tues-Fri 11am-7pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm.

### SPINK

5-7 King St, SW1 (071-930 7888).

**Autumn Catalogue of Watercolours.** Works from the 18th, 19th & 20th centuries in the English tradition—all priced at less than £5,000. Sept 22-Oct 15. Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Tues until 7.30pm.

### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-887 8008).

**Turner's Painting Techniques.** An exploration of the artist's attempts to create new effects. Until Oct 10.

**Burne-Jones: watercolours & drawings.** More than 70 studies for paintings & stained-glass windows. Until Nov 7.

**Ben Nicholson.** Centenary retrospective for the British abstractionist. Oct 13-Jan 9, 1994. £4, concessions £2.50.

**Writing on the Wall.** Paintings, drawings & sculpture by women, selected by 20 British women writers. Oct 26-Apr 10, 1994.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 8349).

**Gates of Mystery: the art of holy Russia.** Some fine examples of Russian medieval art including icons, liturgical vessels, carvings & textiles. Oct 20-Jan 3, 1994. £3.75, concessions £2.50 (includes admission to museum). Mon noon-5.50pm, Tues-Sun 10am-5.50pm.

### WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

**Lucian Freud.** More than 50 paintings are featured from the last 10 years of work by this British figurative artist. Sept 10-Nov 21. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm. £3.50, concessions £1.75.





Tom Watson leads the US's Ryder Cup team. A LAPADA ceramic antique.

## SPORT

**Ryder Cup golf returns to the Belfry, near Birmingham, after four years. Europe's golfers will try to win back the trophy they lost to the US in 1991.**

**Jockeys prepare for the Ascot Festival, the richest day on British turf, & sailors embark on the Whitbread round-the-world race in Southampton.**

### ATHLETICS

**IAAF/Mobil Grand Prix final.** Sept 10. *Crystal Palace, SE19.*

### CRICKET

**NatWest Bank Trophy final.** Sept 4. *Lord's, NW8.*

### EQUESTRIANISM

**Burghley Rémy Martin Horse Trials.** Sept 2-5. *Burghley House, Stamford, Lincs.*

**Horse of the Year Show.** Oct 5-10. *Wembley Arena, Middx.*

### GOLF

**GA European Open.** Sept 9-12. *East Sussex National, Uckfield, E Sussex.*

**The Ryder Cup by Johnnie Walker: Europe v US.** Sept 24-26. *The Belfry, nr Birmingham.*

**Alfred Dunhill Cup.** Oct 14-17. *Old Course, St Andrews, Fife.*

**Toyota World Matchplay Championship.** Oct 21-24. *Wentworth, Surrey.*

### HORSE RACING

**St Leger.** Sept 11. *Doncaster, S Yorks.*  
**Festival at Ascot** (includes Queen Elizabeth II Stakes). Sept 25. *Ascot, Berks.*

### RUGBY LEAGUE

**Great Britain v New Zealand.** Oct 16. *Wembley Stadium, Middx.*

### SAILING

**Whitbread round-the-world race.** Starts Sept 25. *Southampton.*

### TENNIS

**Brighton International Ladies' Championships.** Oct 19-24. *Brighton Centre, Brighton, E Sussex.*

**Volkswagen National Championships** (British men & women). Nov 1-7. *Telford, Salop.*

## OTHER EVENTS

**Nigel Short & Garry Kasparov engage in an epic struggle in London for the World Chess Championships. Meanwhile, visitors have only until the end of September to fit in a tour of the State Rooms of Buckingham Palace before the doors close at the end of their first public season.**

**Apple Fair.** Three days of fun, with tastings of unusual types of fruit, apple juices & other products. Oct 15-17. Fri, Sat 11am-5pm; Sun 10.30am-5pm. *Museum of Garden History, St Mary-at-Lambeth, Lambeth Bridge, SE1.* £1, concessions 50p.

**Buckingham Palace visits.** Queue for timed tickets on the day, from 9am. Until Sept 30. Daily 9.30am-4.30pm. *The Mall, SW1.* £8, OAPs £5.50, children £4.

**Chelsea Crafts Fair.** More than 100 exhibitors each week. Part 1, Oct 12-17; Part 2, Oct 19-24. Tues-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat, Sun 10am-6pm. *Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3.* £4 (£6 for both parts).

**Images of City Life.** Home movies, old & new. Subjects include the Festival of Britain, the Coronation, the Swinging 60s. Oct 2, 11am-5pm. *Museum of the Moving Image, South Bank, SE1.* £5.50, OAPs & students £4.70, children £4 (includes admission to museum).

**LAPADA Antiques Show.** The 65 exhibitors stage displays on the theme of the Human Form in Art. Oct 12-17. Tues-Fri 11am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-6pm. *Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7.* £10.

**Punch & Judy Fellowship Festival.** Performances by more than 20 "professors". Oct 3, 10.30am-5.30pm. *Covent Garden, WC2.*

**World Chess Championship final.** Short's challenge to Kasparov, due to be screened on Channel 4. Sept 7-Oct 30. *Savoy Theatre, Strand, WC2* (071-497 9977). £45-£150.

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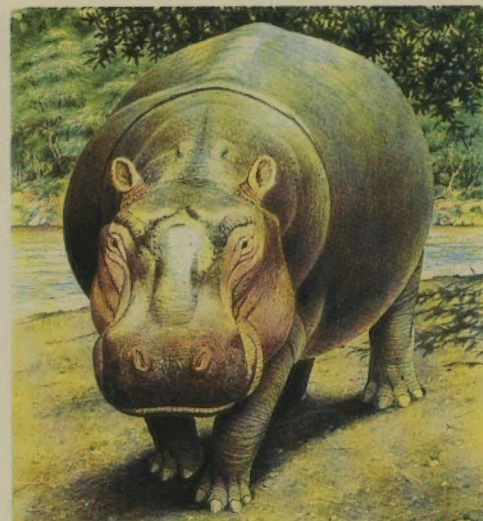
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English suburbia has proved to be remarkably resilient, and much more popular today than it once was. The two examples of its High Victorian style, left, date from the 1870s and come from *Suburban Style: The British Home, 1840-1960*, by Helena Barrett and John Phillips, a guide to suburban taste, published in paperback by Little, Brown at £14.99. Right, hippo painted by Peter Barrett for *The World of Animals*, a delightful new book for children, by Desmond Morris (Cape, £12.99).



## BOOK CHOICE

Short notes on some selected books for autumn reading

### HARDBACK NON-FICTION

#### **Tell Them I'm On My Way**

by Arnold Goodman  
Chapmans, £20

Few men have played as many parts in their life as Lord Goodman. Highly successful lawyer with some remarkable encounters (on behalf of Prime Ministers among others), emissary extraordinary in Rhodesia, fighter for press freedom (as chairman of the Newspaper Publishers' Association and a director of *The Observer*), promoter of the arts (as chairman of the Arts Council), Master of University College, Oxford, and potent influence in many other spheres of British life. His memoirs are written with elegance and great good humour.

**Albert Einstein: A Life in Science**  
by John Gribbin and Michael White  
Simon & Schuster, £16.99

Einstein's life was a bit of a shambles. He readily fulfilled the role of absent-minded professor, once telephoning his wife to ask: "Where am I, and where am I supposed to be?" The book alternates between fascinating biography and detailed scientific explanation, the latter inevitably being complex, though it is done with such skill that even the most unscientific layman may begin to grasp some of the basic principles of relativity.

#### **Paper Tigers**

by Nicholas Coleridge  
Heinemann, £17.99

This is a very readable but far from penetrating account of 25 newspaper proprietors. They are described as the top tycoons in their business, but this is inaccurate since some of the top-most, like Lord Thomson of Fleet and the Springers, are excluded while others who for various reasons have lost their empires, such as Robert Maxwell and Asil Nadir, are in. The reason appears to be that the author found the last two more interesting, which may be justifiable in a gossip column but undermines a book with more serious pretensions.

### HARDBACK FICTION

#### **The Crocodile Bird**

by Ruth Rendell  
Hutchinson, £14.99

Liza has been brought up by her mother in isolation, on the periphery of a lonely estate, and with no experience of the outside world. Her own small world begins to fall apart, or so it seems, when her mother is arrested for murder. The contrast between innocence and increasingly sinister experience is skilfully developed in this powerful novel.

#### **These Enchanted Woods**

by Allan Massie  
Hutchinson, £14.99

This prolific author's second novel of the year is set in modern Scotland, with excursions to Cambridge and suburbia. It is described as a comedy of morals, but is more a sharp commentary on modern manners, laced with wit but edged with sadness.

#### **Honour Among Thieves**

by Jeffrey Archer  
HarperCollins, £15

The basic plot of the latest Archer block-buster centres on a successful attempt by Saddam Hussein to steal the Declaration of Independence, and the desperate American operation to recover it. There are plenty of subplots and it takes some time to get things moving, but once everything is in place the story races along with great excitement and panache.

#### **Decided**

by Dick Francis  
Michael Joseph, £14.99

This year's Dick Francis thriller is as taut and exciting as his devotees will expect. A dreadful family, whose members unhesitatingly blackmail each other, believes itself threatened by the sudden appearance of Lee Morris, father of five boys and himself distantly connected with the family. He rapidly becomes its new target, and in the course of sorting things out has to endure the pain invariably meted out to the heroes of these novels.

### PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

#### **The Conquest of the Incas**

by John Hemming  
Macmillan, £12.99

The Spanish invasion and conquest of Peru and other territories of the Inca empire, which stretched for about 3,000 miles along the Andes, is a grisly story of bloodshed and mass slaughter. First published in 1970, this scholarly and very readable narrative history, which also describes the search for Inca survivors and the archaeological remnants of their empire, has been revised and updated for this edition.

#### **The English Gentleman**

by Philip Mason  
Pimlico, £10

This is mainly a historical work, not because the English Gentleman no longer exists (the author believes some are still to be found, though becoming rare), but because the current species is difficult to define and identify with any precision. A gentleman does not declare himself—if he did he would no longer be one—but in this entertaining study Philip Mason has no difficulty in establishing the concept and pursuing it through the centuries, from Chaucer's parfit gentil knight to more recent, less palpable examples.

#### **The Collapse of British Power**

by Corelli Barnett  
Alan Sutton, £10.99

First published in 1972, this powerful book set out to explain the collapse of British power at the end of the Second World War. It was controversial in that not everyone agreed with the author's conclusions, and certainly few accepted all of them. Others argued with his assumptions. But it was an important book, worth reprinting, not least because it voiced the idea that has subsequently become almost commonplace with some people, that the last war marked Britain's final decline into a warrior satellite of the United States.

### PAPERBACK FICTION

#### **City of Gates**

by Janice Elliott  
Sceptre, £5.99

Madame Muna's guest house by the Jaffa Gate is the focal point of this ambitious novel which wonderfully conveys the history and current political essence of Jerusalem and its timelessness—the light that dazzled Joshua and the children of Israel is recognised by Madame Muna to be not a shooting star but a Patriot anti-missile missile intercepting one of Saddam's SCUDs. It is a complex but compelling narrative, strongly based on a cast of believable characters. The combination creates an imaginative and memorable work that should put Janice Elliott high in the order of contemporary English novelists.

#### **Sacred Country**

by Rose Tremain  
Sceptre, £5.99

This novel is a restless record of change. It begins in a Suffolk field in 1952 and concludes some three decades later in Tennessee. The most powerful change is the gradual transformation of the farmer's daughter Mary into the husky Martin, but sex-change is not the only transformation that takes place. The story has many strands and many levels, but the overall theme is unpromising and the novel is finally saved only by the author's light touch.

#### **A Fool's Alphabet**

by Sebastian Faulks  
Vintage, £5.99

This is a complex but finely-worked novel based on a formula that in the final analysis seems too contrived. Twenty-six chapters, each set in a place beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, represent the ambitions of the principal character to visit each one before he dies. The narrative switches equally erratically in time as well as place, which certainly taxes the reader's patience and will severely penalise any lapse in concentration.





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